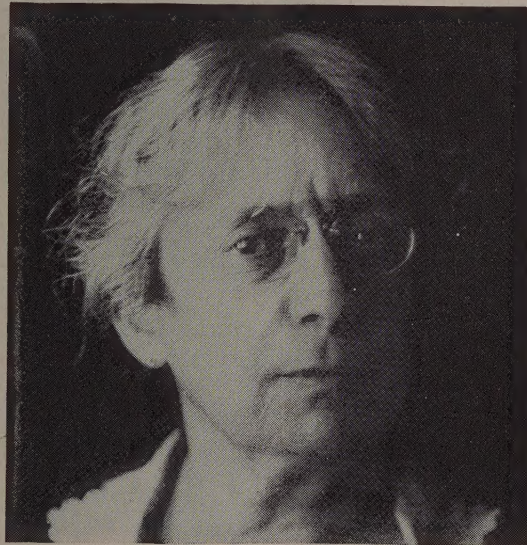


# B'NAI BRITH MAGAZINE



HENRIETTA SZOLD  
A Saintly Figure of Peace Amid the Strife  
(See Page 91)

THE NATIONAL  
JEWISH MONTHLY

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*10 Cents a Copy*



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# THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

*The National Jewish Monthly*

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NUMBER 3

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## Jewish Calendar

5690

1929

Rosh Hashonah.....Sat., Oct. 5  
Sun., Oct. 6  
Fast of Gedalia.....Mon., Oct. 7  
Yom Kippur.....Mon., Oct. 14  
Succoth.....Sat., Oct. 19  
Sun., Oct. 20  
Shemini Azereth.....Sat., Oct. 26  
Simchas Torah.....Sun., Oct. 27  
\*Rosh Chodesh Chesvan.....Mon., Nov. 4  
Rosh Chodesh Kislev.....Tues. Dec. 3  
First Day of Chanukah.....Fri. Dec. 27  
1930

\*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth.....Thurs. Jan. 2  
Fast of Tebeth.....Fri. Jan. 10  
Rosh Chodesh Shevat.....Thurs. Jan. 30  
Chamisha Oser B'Shevat.....Thurs. Feb. 13  
\*Rosh Chodesh Adar.....Sat. Mar. 1  
Fast of Esther.....Thurs. Mar. 13  
Purim.....Fri. Mar. 14  
Rosh Chodesh Nissan.....Sun. Mar. 30  
First Day of Pessach.....Sun. Apr. 13  
Eighth Day of Pessach.....Sun. Apr. 20  
\*Rosh Chodesh Iyar.....Tues. Apr. 29  
Lag B'Omer.....Fri. May 16  
Rosh Chodesh Sivan.....Wed. May 28  
Shavuoth.....Mon. June 2  
Tues. June 3  
\*Rosh Chodesh Tammuz.....Fri. June 27  
Fast of Tammuz.....Sun. July 13  
Rosh Chodesh Ab.....Sat. July 26  
Tishoh B'Av.....Sun. Aug. 3  
\*Rosh Chodesh Elul.....Mon. Aug. 25

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.

\*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial Comment.....	91
A Cross-Section of Jewish Life.....	94
Thinking Aloud—By Urva Porah.....	98
Wanted: A Jewish Aristocracy!—By E. David Goitein.....	99
Publicist and Humanitarian—By Ethel M. Kerman.....	101
They Laughed at Him—By Ralph Deutsch.....	102
Proving Jewish History—By Xenophon.....	106
We See in the Papers.....	108
Grace Aguilar's Diary—By Rachael Cohen.....	109
Death of Two Great Jewish Personalities in Belgium— By D. Lehrer.....	112
And There Was Light Verse—By Will Goodman.....	114
Leonid Andreyev and the Jewish Question—By Leon Spitz.....	117
In the Public Eye.....	120
The Printed Page.....	122
News of the Lodges.....	124
Across the Seas.....	126
Our Readers Have Their Say.....	127
Humoresque .....	128

## Among Our Contributors

RALPH DEUTSCH has an M.A. degree from Columbia University, where he specialized in psychology. He has contributed articles on phases of that subject to various periodicals.

E. DAVID GOITEIN, formerly a London attorney, is now co-editor of the only English-Jewish daily newspaper in Palestine, the *Bulletin*.

ETHEL M. KERMAN is the wife of Rabbi Julius Kerman of Sunbury, Pa.

XENOPHON is the pen-name of a writer living in Palestine, who has contributed many articles on various subjects to THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. He is head of the Interpreter's Division of the Palestine Government.

RACHAEL COHEN is the pen-name of a young authoress living in London.

D. LEHRER is a resident of Brussels, Belgium, who writes articles on different subjects concerning the Jews of his country.

WILL GOODMAN was for many years a newspaper man in various parts of the world. A year ago he retired to devote himself to more serious writing, and to free-lance work for a number of magazines.

LEON SPITZ is Rabbi of the Hoboken Jewish Center, Hoboken, N. J.



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## Editorial Comment

### *A Sainly Jewess in America*

**H**ENRIETTA SZOLD has the vision of statesmen but she has eyes also for the simpler duties of a household. She may sit one hour with men planning great enterprises of social construction and in the next may be at her fireplace darning stockings.

She is the founder of Hadassah; she is the member of the Zionist Executive with special assignment to the direction of affairs in Palestine; she is Deborah, the ancient judge of Israel, living again.

At the age of 69 she is young with dreams. Her heart, embracing the Palestine cause, has found room also for a small Jewish child that she has taken into her house in Jerusalem.

Miss Szold is a rare being in American Jewry—a traditional Jewess born in the United States of parents who were pioneers among the Jews of America—and yet not so rare in Baltimore whence she came. In that city lives an old Jewry that even in the fourth and fifth generations keeps its stores closed on the Sabbath.

She came by a good inheritance. Her father was Rabbi Benjamin Szold who, though dead these many years, is still held in veneration in Baltimore for wisdom, nobility, and purity of character. The nature of the father is luminous in his daughter.

Judaism has been her altar. There were the years of serving in America as a teacher of Jewish immigrants, as an editor in the Jewish Publication Society. And it was rather late in life, at an age when most people are anxious only to finish their old tasks, that she conceived and organized and nobly built a new enterprise. This was Hadassah, a work of healing in Palestine.

For this she not merely carried the banners but gave the work of her hands. Sixteen and eighteen hours a day of work were never too much. She is none of those who are happy only in the glamorous high places. When she went to Palestine, she placed her services at the command of Dr. I. M. Rubinow, whom she, as president of Hadassah, had appointed executive director.

These past few years have seen her as representative of the Zionist authority in Palestine. She has not been of those who have burned with the fury of Zionist politics. She has been a saintly figure of peace amid the strife.

Miss Szold visited this country during the last two months, having come here to attend the Hadassah annual convention. She sailed December 6 for London, where she was called for a conference with Dr. Chaim Weizmann. After that she will return to Palestine, where she plans to live out her days.

\* \* \*

### *Is This Another Dreyfus Case?*

**I**N THE summer of 1928 the Jewish dentist Halsmann of Riga went for a vacation in the Tyrolean Alps with his son Philip, a student. Ardent Alpinists, they delighted to climb the rugged slopes through many days until a tragic hour when Dr. Halsmann fell and was found dead.

The son summoned help and among those who responded was an innkeeper who at once raised the charge that the son had murdered his father. There was nothing, indeed, to sustain such a charge, but it was quickly taken up by the Tyrolean authorities, whose anti-Semitism is the most rabid in Austria.

A formal charge of murder was brought against Philipp Halsmann and he was tried at Innsbruck. According to those who followed carefully the progress of this trial, young Halsmann was denied the elementary rights that belong to the defendant in a just process.

Whatever seemed favorable evidence for the defense was suppressed. The prosecution based its case on the statements of Alpine climbers who expressed the opinion that it seemed improbable that Dr. Halsmann could have come to his death by accident. And upon this testimony the young man was convicted of murder and sentenced to ten years in prison.

So obvious were the defects of the proceeding that the Court of Appeals promptly ordered a new trial. The second trial was conducted with more decent regard for justice than was the first. Halsmann's teacher, his friends, his mother and sister were permitted to testify to the affection that had existed between father and son. It was seen that there was no reason for this boy to have killed his father. The jury of Tyrolean peasants was evidently moved by this testimony and the trial of Philipp Halsmann seemed to be advancing to a favorable termination when it was suddenly interrupted and postponed for a month.

The month was employed for an amazing propaganda against Halsmann. Mass meetings were called and orators promised a lynching if Halsmann were acquitted; the jurors were intimidated. And the consequence was that Halsmann, who had appeared to be on the way to acquittal, was at the end of the month convicted again and sentenced to imprisonment for four years. This time the conviction was not for murder in the highest degree but for what in American courts would be called manslaughter.

Not only Jews but just men throughout Europe are protesting against this travesty of justice.

"The case is no less terrible than was the famous Dreyfus affair," writes Fritz Biel of Alfort, Seine, France, to *THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE*. "Halsmann was not tried and condemned as a murderer, but as a Jew. It was his race that in the eyes of the Innsbruck jury was the gravest charge against him."

Editors of a number of Vienna newspapers, having protested against the conviction of Halsmann, were brought to trial and fined on charges similar to our contempt of court. The renowned Wassermann, German Jewish novelist, has published in the Austrian press an open letter to President Miklas pleading the innocence of Halsmann.

It seems to us that Austria, struggling for a place in the sun, should be prompt to remove this dark shadow that has fallen upon its good name. The merit of a nation can be measured by nothing so well as the quality of its justice.



## The Hissing on Mt. Scopus

THE past month has seen Zionism come to crossroads. One of its outstanding leaders, Dr. Judah L. Magnes, chancellor of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, has raised the question, "Whither are we bound?"

Amid hissing on Mt. Scopus, where the Hebrew University is situated, he called, in effect, for a revision of the aims of Zionism to the end that peace and justice may prevail in the Holy Land.

He offered a Palestine that shall be an international Holy Land, a home for Jew, Christian and Moslem alike. He proposed a renunciation of Jewish political ambitions in Palestine. He urged a permanent Jewish-Arab understanding. He was even critical of the Balfour Declaration which, he said, emphasized too much the Jewish relation to Palestine instead of laying stress on Palestine's position as an international Holy Land.

He demanded that the creation of a cultural center in Palestine be the only goal of Zionism.

"It is one of the great civilizing tasks before the Jewish people to try to enter the Promised Land, not as Joshua, but bringing peace, culture, hard work, sacrifice, love and determination; to do nothing unjustifiable before the conscience of the world," he said.

He asked what sort of a homeland can it be in which the safety and comfort of Jews can be maintained only by the bayonets of the British Empire. There must be safety based on peace, on justice, on understanding, on renunciation of bounding ambitions.

This pronouncement let loose a torrent of denunciation which in turn brought defenders to the side of Dr. Magnes.

The Administrative Committee of the American Jewish Congress expressed "its sense of outrage" and "deplored the utter irresponsibility which has been exhibited by one holding so high an office."

"We join in the deep feeling of the Jewish people throughout the world that nothing could be more destructive than to call, as the chancellor of the Hebrew University called, for the relinquishment of the Balfour Declaration," the Committee of the Congress said.

"Most of all, we deplore the misleading impression created by the utterance of the chancellor that there is an irreconcilable conflict between a Jewish National Home in Palestine and an International Holy Land for Jew, Christian and Moslem."

On Dr. Magnes' side there arose considerable applause in a portion of the Jewish press, and the *American Hebrew* of New York took the American Jewish Congress sharply to task for its attack on "the scholarly, peace loving personality which is the chancellor of the Hebrew University."

A later statement by Dr. Magnes somewhat modified his first statement, but left intact the salient points of his argument. He said: "My only purpose is to set the Jewish public to thinking and agitate it to realize that it is impossible to continue as heretofore."

In Palestine there were threats of students to boycott the Hebrew University, there were denunciations in Jerusalem newspapers, and at this writing there seems no end to the furious battle between the champions of Dr. Magnes and his critics.

## Despite the Stock Market

IT HAPPENED in the home city of B'nai B'rith—Cincinnati. However, it is not to make boast of a city that we write this but rather to the glory of the Jewish character that can be generous even in adversity.

In that city is a Jewish hospital which undertook a campaign for \$1,500,000. Scarcely was this underway than there occurred that crushing disaster of the stock market, and dreams of wealth were wiped out in an hour and he who had been counted rich struggled desperately to save the fragments of his fortune and the world that had seemed so safe and sure reeled.

Men said: "This is the end of the campaign for \$1,500,000. How can it be in the hearts of men to give money when so many have lost?"

The solicitors went about discouraged and almost apologetic, and Jews said to them, "Oh, we have lost so heavily." But they gave. They gave generously in an hour when to give had become a sacrifice. Jewish stood glamorous; the good and welfare of Jewish life was for the hour of larger importance than Jewry's own small fortunes.

The \$1,500,000 was raised in two weeks.

But there is another interesting circumstance that reflects the respect in which Jews are held in the city in which B'nai B'rith has its home. Here is a Jewish that by unselfish public service has earned for itself a high place in the opinion of the community and has never as a group felt any limitations by reason of prejudice. The Mayor of Cincinnati is a Jew; the President of the Board of Education is a Jew; the President of the City Planning Commission is a Jew; the President of the Park Board is a Jew. And so on. This, despite the fact that the Jews are only one twentieth of a population of 400,000.

And to this \$1,500,000 Jewish hospital fund, the non-Jews of the city contributed one-fifth of the total.

\* \* \*

## Jews Who Return to the Fold

IN HUNGARY, 567 men, 481 women and 88 children who departed from the faith to become Christians have returned to the fold.

One might say to them:

"So you have come back. You went away in a time when it was hard to be a Jew in your country. For the benefit of your businesses, your profession, your social comfort, you departed. You exchanged your inheritance for the mess of pottage that is business and social success.

"But you were cheated, as you deserved to be; you surrendered your inheritance but you did not give your mess of pottage. You were still called Jew. You knelt before the new altar but your neighbors knew you as Jews and respected you the less for having sold your birthright.

"Now you have come back to your inheritance. But how shall we think of you? Though your former neighbors thought of you as Jews, the Jew thinks of you as something less than brethren; for you abandoned the inheritance.

"But we embrace you as the weak brother is embraced who returns from aimless wandering in which he sought in vain for riches, only to find them at home."



## Something New in American Jewry

NEW YORK saw a new thing in Jewish life last month. In the Christian communion it would be called an evangelistic campaign.

Nightly meetings were held in all sections of New York and eloquent speakers proclaimed the need of Jews to unite themselves to the house of Israel through membership in a congregation. Though the campaign was conducted under Reform auspices, those whose leanings were toward Orthodoxy were advised to join orthodox synagogues.

The campaigners went from house to house summoning Israel with the words of Hillel, "Do not separate thyself from the congregation."

This was, indeed, the first time anywhere that Jews thus joined together for a religious campaign. The occasion offered large numbers of Jews an opportunity for individual religious activity as they went about campaigning for Judaism.

This in itself served a vital good, for, unhappily, has been the practice in Jewry to leave Jewish enthusiasm to the rabbi.

\* \* \*

## From Priesthood to Rabbinate

THE little boy, Aime Palliere, dreamed often of the Virgin Mary whose image he saw in the chapel of Lyons, France, where he was born. She descended from her pedestal and spoke to him with smiles and benedictions. When he told his mother of this, she was sure it meant a summoning to the priesthood of the church. So from his early boyhood Aime Palliere was given those teachings that would lead him eventually to service at the Catholic altar.

But one day, when he was 17, he was passing a synagogue in Lyons and was tempted to enter it. It was the hour of Neila on Yom Kippur. Aime Palliere had been told by the teachers who were preparing him for the priesthood that Judaism was like a dead tree that had perished after giving birth to Christianity. But now his wondering eyes beheld the symbols of a living faith. . . . These men in their *talithim* bowing before the altar. . . . These prayers of which the words were the words their fathers had uttered even in the time of the Nazarene. . . . This call of the shofar at the end of the holy day which was like a shout of triumph. . . .

He thought: "These people, despite many deaths, have outlived the powerful nations . . . the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Phoenicians, the Greeks, the Romans. . . ."

The young Catholic was embarrassed to discover his soul bowing reverently before the altar of the Jews.

Thenceforth his spiritual footing became unstable. He continued to attend the mass and accept the teachings of the pious men by whom he was to be elevated to the priesthood. But in secret he studied Hebrew; he made for himself a set of *t'fillim*.

His soul was dreadfully confused. The Salvation Army had come into Lyons and he followed it on its march, followed it into Protestantism and to Paris, there for awhile he was in training to be a soldier of this pious army. But one day he discovered that the religion of the Salvation Army was not that for which his heart longed and he returned to Lyons.

There was the time—he was then about 20—when he knelt at the altar of the Dominican chapel to receive the sacrament. His heart asked: "Do I really believe in this? Do I believe in the Real Presence? Do I believe in the reincarnation?"

And as he asked and answered, Christianity fell away from him; but, he says, his spiritual world was far from empty. It was filled with the God of whom the Jews say, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One."

He placed himself under the tutelage of a rabbi and was converted to Judaism, prepared for the rabbinate, and now is the associate rabbi of the liberal synagogue in Paris.

This past month Palliere has been lecturing in the cities of the United States to Jewries among which there are some who think of Judaism as an identity to be avoided for social and business reasons.

\* \* \*

## Prejudice in the Public Schools

WE HEAR of a Jewish young woman who applied for a teacher's position in one of the schools in her county. She confessed to Judaism when asked to state her religion. She had the best recommendations from the normal school in which she had been trained; indeed, she led her class. But she was not appointed.

Making inquiries among the members of the board of education, she learned she was disqualified for one fault. She was a Jewess.

"Of course," said the member of the board, "I have nothing against you personally. Some of my best friends are Jews."

That this case is not unique is made evident by a survey conducted in 32 states by the Council of Jewish Women.

This survey sought to discover the public attitude toward Jewish young women seeking positions not only in teaching but also in other occupations. In some places Jewish girls have obtained positions in the schools only by denying their faith. In some towns of the United States there exists a virtual boycott against Jewish girls seeking any line of employment.

Prejudice against Jews in private employment is to be deplored, of course, but a plausible though untenable argument may be made by employers that they are entitled to their preferences. But the boycotting of Jews applying for teacherships in public schools is a menacing affront to American principles by those who as the directors of public schools are supposed to be guardians of the American ark.

\* \* \*

## "Born a Jew"

OUR suggestion last month that Dr. Boris D. Bogen's autobiography, "Born a Jew," be published as a memorial of the members of the Order, has met with a good response.

This book, completed three weeks before the death of the late Secretary of the Order, is to be published under direction of Dr. Bogen's friend and literary executor, Mr. Max Senior.

The proposal is that this full and colorful life be enshrined in book form in the home of every member of the Order.

Instructions on how to subscribe to the book will be found in a full-page advertisement elsewhere in this issue.



# A Cross-Section of Jewish Life

WITH tears in his eyes, Justice Louis D. Brandeis, of the United States Supreme Court, broke a 13 years' public silence on the subject of Zionism in Washington last month when he definitely raised his voice against the August happenings in Palestine and just as definitely threw in his active lot with notable American Jewish leaders who had gathered for a conference to formulate plans for the establishment of an economic corporation for the Holy Land.

Felix M. Warburg issued the invitations for this conference, which was attended, besides Justice Brandeis, by Dr. Lee K. Frankel and Bernard Flexner.

"I am convinced," said Justice Brandeis, "that a group of American business men of proven ability and loyalty to the Jewish cause, can, co-operating under the leadership of Mr. Warburg, assure a Jewish Palestine. The road is economic, and the opportunity is open."

\* \* \*

"HIS memory is a blessing to the whole House of Israel," said Dr. Cyrus Adler, speaking at the Louis Marshall Memorial services in Temple Emanu-El, New York City, last month. Jews and Gentiles of all walks of life crowded the amazingly beautiful and vast structure, which itself is a monument to the late Jewish leader, who was President of its congregation. Judge Irving Lehman also delivered an eloquent eulogy.

\* \* \*

DR. CYRUS ADLER of Philadelphia has been elected President of the American Jewish Committee, succeeding the late Louis Marshall. Judge Irving Lehman, New York, and Julius Rosenwald, Chicago, were elected Vice Presidents, and Colonel Isaac M. Ullman, New Haven, Treasurer. At the meeting in New York in which the elections took place, it was reported that there was progress toward a union of the American Jewish Committee and the American Jewish Congress. A conference is shortly to be arranged.

\* \* \*

FREDERICK BROWN'S latest piece of philanthropy is the establishment of two fellowships in orthopedic research at the Hospital for Joint Diseases. The donor, who is President of the Hospital, gave \$100,000 for the fellowships.



Mrs. Robert Szold  
The new President of Hadassah

A \$600,000 budget was adopted at the 15th annual convention of Hadassah in Atlantic City last month. The convention called on Miss Henrietta Szold, Honorary President, who came all the way from Palestine to attend, to take steps leading to the formation of a Jewish Women's Agency for Palestine.

Mrs. Robert Szold of New York was elected President of Hadassah, and Mrs. David Greenberg and Mrs. Moses P. Epstein of New York, were re-elected Treasurer and Secretary, respectively. The redemption of land in the region of Haifa Bay was set as the organization's specific project for 1930.

\* \* \*

BELIEVING that the recent Arab riots in Palestine have awakened a new and wider interest in Zionism, the cultural committee of Hadassah is devising an educational program aimed at giving an extensive knowledge of the history, aims, and accomplishments of the Zionist movement, as well as other phases of Zionism. Through the 540 senior and junior branches of Hadassah the cultural committee hopes to reach a large audience through group discussions and at public meetings, as well as by means of pamphlets.

WITH the launching of the Zion Roll Call in New York last month to enroll 500,000 American Jews in celebration of the 12th anniversary of the Balfour Declaration, a cablegram to Louis Lipsky from Lord Balfour was read, as follows: "Please convey my greetings to those who are celebrating this anniversary by demonstrating the unity and strength behind the Zionist movement and thus justifying our steadfast faith in the establishment of the National Home in Palestine."

Almost at the same time Dr. J. Haynes Holmes's new book, "Festine Today and Tomorrow," was published. Discussing the author of the famous "Declaration," in his book Dr. Holmes wrote: "The very name Balfour, should have been enough to stir doubts and conjure fears within the Jewish heart. This distinguished English nobleman never had an unselfish emotion in his life, and nowhere served any great humanitarian cause. . . . The common people Jew or Gentile, have never existed in his world, save as a nuisance and occasionally a danger. He would have the Jews of Palestine today as ruthlessly as he harried the patriots of Ireland yesterday, if they disturbed the interests or threatened the power of British rule. To think of this man sharing the hopes of the Jews of Zion, or serving these hopes except as incidentally they served the Empire, is utterly fantastic."

\* \* \*

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR HENRY BERT H. LEHMAN of New York was named a member of the board of directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He succeeds the late Louis Marshall. Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School was chosen to the legal committee of the Association.

\* \* \*

"TELL the boys in the shops that I shall be back with them soon," was the cheery message given out by Professor Albert A. Michelson, no physicist of the University of Chicago upon his return home after six months in a hospital. As soon as he is completely recovered, Prof. Michelson tends to continue his experiments in light in his laboratory in Los Angeles. It was on many of Prof. Michelson's experiments that Albert Einstein based his famous law of relativity.



ALPH JONAS, Brooklyn philanthropist, has given \$1,000,000 to city-wide Jewish charity federation, consisting of the New York Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies and the Brooklyn Federation of Jewish Charities which have just voted to merge. The combination is expected to take place on January 1, 1931; one month later Mr. Jonas will turn over his gift.

\* \* \*

THE Hon. Alfred M. Cohen, President of the Independent Order B'nai B'rith, and Chairman of the Board of Governors, Hebrew Union College, went to what he thought was an ordinary business meeting of the latter organization last month, only to be pleasantly surprised at finding a birthday dinner in his honor. Ludwig Gelstein, New York, Chairman of the Executive Board of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, highly praised President Cohen for his years of service on the Board, and ended the present administration responsible for the period of greatest progress in the history of the College. Recently an even more unique honor was paid President Cohen when the student body at the Hebrew Union College elected him an Honorary member.



*School is over for the evening; maybe that is why all the "students" pictured above look so happy. They are recent immigrants who attend the night classes in Leonard's Bridge, Conn., under the auspices of the National Council of Jewish Women.*

EXPRESSING optimistic enthusiasm for the new Jewish life in Russia, and unmitigated pessimism for the future of Jews in Poland, Peretz Hirschbein, noted Jewish writer, returned to New York last month after five years of travel abroad. He will remain in this country to prepare many of his writings for publication.

ASPLENDID exhibit of their activities was held in New York City recently by the Department of Farm and Rural Work of the National Council of Jewish Women. Many requests were received from various communities for this same display.

Mrs. Elmer Eckhouse, Chairman, has issued an appeal for used radios for distribution in homes on the farms and in isolated rural districts.

\* \* \*

IT took exactly 63 days to raise \$2,000,000 for emergency relief of the Jews affected by the recent Arab-Jewish war in Palestine, according to David A. Brown, Chairman of the Emergency Relief Committee, which has now ended its campaign.

\* \* \*

THE demand for trained Jewish social workers is much greater than the supply, it was brought out in a report to the Board of Trustees of the Training School for Jewish Social Work at its fifth semi-annual meeting in New York last month.

\* \* \*

THE United Jewish Campaign has received more than \$15,000,000 of the \$19,700,000 originally pledged, according to David A. Brown, Chairman. Mr. Brown, wishing to close the campaign by December 31, has inaugurated a collection campaign to obtain the \$4,700,000 still outstanding.



*The little town of Berlin, N. H., is 100 per cent B'nai B'rith, so far as the Jewish population is concerned. Therefore, at the recent 100th anniversary celebration of the town, Berlin Lodge No. 959, I. O. B. B., entered the above lodge float in the centennial parade.*



DR. HUGO A. FREUND, of Detroit, has been forced by a multiplicity of other duties to resign from the Board of Health, of which he has been a member for 13 years under six different mayors. He was highly praised by Mayor Lodge of Detroit, who accepted the resignation with regret.

Dr. Freund is the son of one of the oldest and best-beloved members of the B'nai B'rith, Adolph ("Daddy") Freund. Dr. Freund himself has been an active member of the Order, having been President of Pishgah Lodge No. 34, for three terms. He is a member of the board which administers the \$10,000,000 child welfare fund donated by Senator Couzens of Michigan.

\* \* \*

A NATIONAL organization to establish legionnaires' colonies in Palestine was formed at a conference in New York last month under the auspices of the American Palestine Jewish Legion. The new organization will be known as the Hagdud Ha'Ivri League. The conference passed resolutions calling for unrestricted immigration for Palestine.

\* \* \*

ONE of the greatest forces for the promotion of aviation in this country — the Daniel Guggenheim Fund—will complete its work at the end of this month, and will exist no more. Daniel Guggenheim, the founder, has just given an additional half million dollars to the fund to round out its work.

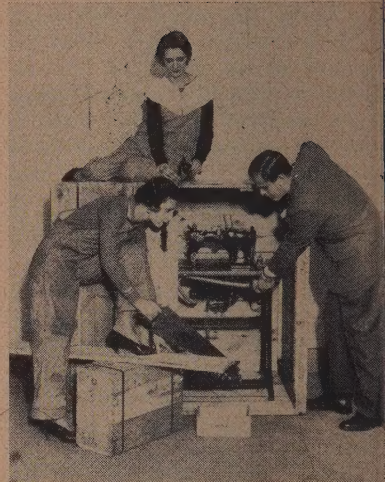


This is one of the ways in which the Soviet Union for the education of Jewish children in the Crimea trains the young people for practical trades in later life. The picture shows a class in a school of gardening.

FOR more than six years the United Synagogue of America has been broadcasting religious programs over Station WEAJ on Wednesday evenings at seven o'clock and Thursday afternoons at four o'clock. Now, however, the growth of radio and its remarkable possibilities have convinced the United Synagogue that the time has come for these programs to be sponsored and co-ordinated by a larger committee, representative of all important shades of Jewish thought and spheres of Jewish activity. Such a committee has been appointed, and through it it is hoped to swell the present Jewish radio audience from 400,000 to ten times that number. It may also be possible to present the program over a national network. David N. Mosessohn is Chairman of the committee.

\* \* \*

MRS. JACOB H. SCHIFF, widow of the great philanthropist, laid the cornerstone last month for the new \$2,500,000 Y. M. H. A. in New York City, amid impressive ceremonies. It was Jacob H. Schiff who presented the first Y. M. H. A. building on the same site years ago. The exercises were held in the unfinished auditorium, and were attended by nearly 1,000 persons, who heard addresses by Felix M. Warburg; Justice Joseph M. Proskauer of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court; Associate Judge Irving Lehman; and Simon Gottschall, first Vice President of the Association.



Paul Felix Warburg, national treasurer of the Ort campaign for the industrial reconstruction of Eastern Europe, is here shown helping the young ladies pack a sewing machine which is but one of the many implements being sent to destitute Jews in the Ort.

THE National Tuberculosis Association is calling upon all individuals and organizations, regardless of religion or color, to co-operate in its 22nd annual Christmas seal sale. Philip P. Jacobs, Director of Public Relations and Extension Service of the Association, points out that although great progress has been made in combating tuberculosis, 93,000 men, women, and children nevertheless succumbed to the dread disease during 1928.

\* \* \*

ISIDOR WISE, 73, a son of the late Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, founder of American Reform Judaism, and of the Hebrew Union College, died last month in a New York Hospital. For many years he had been managing editor of the *American Israelite*, Cincinnati Anglo-Jewish weekly founded by his illustrious father, and a journalist on other publications. Last year he resigned his post on the *Israelite* to devote himself to research in his father's literary works.

\* \* \*

REV. ISAAC DE LA PENHA, minister of the Spanish and Portuguese Jewish congregation in Montreal, hopes ere long to inherit \$80,000,000 worth of the peninsula of Labrador. For many years he has been pushing a legal suit to recover this property, which he claims is direct inheritance traced back to his great-great-grandfather in 1697.



JEWS for those who believe this is the season of peace on earth, and will to men:

Jerusalem: Norman Bentwich, high Jewish official in the Palestine government, was shot and slightly wounded by an Arab in a public bldg.

Bratislava, Czechoslovakia: Anti-semitic riots continue monotonously at the university. Jewish students are thrown out of classes and beaten.

Budapest: Starving Christian students would rather die than eat Jewish bread, so the anti-Semitic student leader has forbidden Christian students to accept any more aid from a benevolent society chiefly composed of Jews.

Prague: Nineteen Jewish students, including girls, were wounded in anti-semitic attacks in the German universities.

Bucharest: Students first beat and then threw a Jewish merchant from a speeding express train. The police commissioner refused to take action. Cracow: Not satisfied with maltreatment of Jewish students, University anti-semites are terrorizing the Jewish community.

Berlin: The 76th Jewish cemetery desecration in Germany is now on record. Anti-Semitic vandals were at work in the cemetery at Floss, Bavaria.

Jerusalem: Dr. Ticho, noted oculist, who has treated hundreds of Arabs gratis, was stabbed by an Arab near his clinic.

Ad infinitum.

C. LUKE, who was Acting High Commissioner in Palestine during the Arab attacks last summer, is considerably embarrassed last month during proceedings of the British Inquiry Commission. Mr. Luke testified that he had not called for British troops prior to the outbreaks because he was "no prophet." This sounded convincing until Pinchas Steinberg, Chairman of the Palestine National Council, on the witness stand, testified that he had had repeated interviews with Mr. Luke prior to the tragedy, and each time had warned him of conditions and the possibility of outbreaks. The Commission so far has come to no definite conclusions, and continues to inquire.

EIGHT thousand Jewish families have made application to the American Ort for machines in Russia, according to Dr. Henry Moskowitz, Executive Chairman, now traveling in Eastern Europe. "Working through

its branch offices," Dr. Moskowitz wrote home, "the Ort carries on 100 Jewish co-operatives in as many different points. In the last 18 months the Ort has provided 460 large machines, and 1,500 members of Jewish co-operatives have received parts of machines. Ten thousand members received needles for their machines, and in co-operation with the Agro-Joint, Ort distributed 90 tons of woolen yarns."

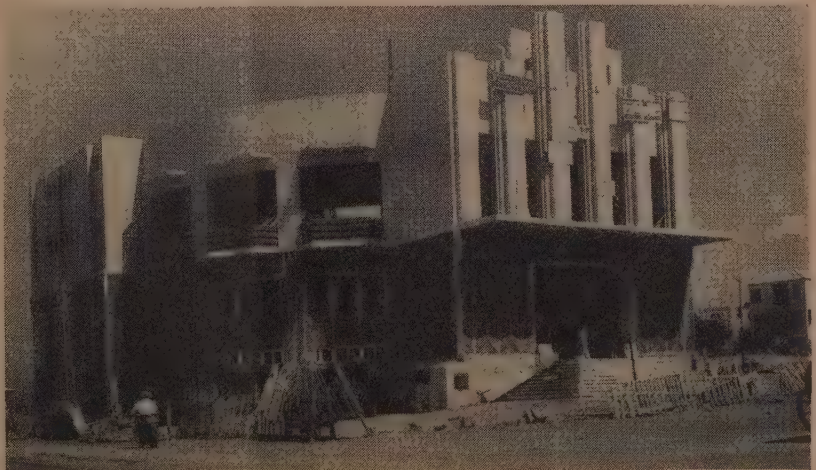
FEW persons understand mathematical physics, but almost everybody can appreciate a good refrigerator. So Albert Einstein, Germany's great scientist, has now filed patents for an electric refrigerator he has invented. Even the price is relative, being estimated at one-fifth of the price of present machines on the market. Einstein's works without a motor. He is confident they may sell for between \$35 and \$50 each.

A FEW months ago Jacob Wassermann wrote a book—one of his best—called "The Maurizius Case." It was a powerful definition of the essential nature of justice and injustice. Now he is engaged in fighting a real case of alleged injustice in his own neighborhood. He wrote a strong letter of protest against the imprisonment of Philipp Halsmann for patricide (see "Editorial Comment" and "Our Readers Have Their Say" in this issue), to the President of Austria, where the trial took place. The President, in reply, seems (between the lines) to admit Wassermann's point, but is forced to withhold public comment since a third trial of Halsmann seems probable.

THE Hebrew University on Mount Scopus opened its winter session last month in no jovial mood. First, the memory of the August and September Arab-Jewish war persisted like a dark shadow, and secondly, there was strife and dissension among the students regarding the statement of their Chancellor, Dr. Judah L. Magnes who, in his convocation speech, advocated a rapprochement with the Arabs, and called on the Zionists to renounce their political aims in Palestine. The rumor of a student strike did not materialize, but members of Hugo Bergmann's class walked out in protest when that professor expressed himself as being essentially in agreement with Dr. Magnes.

DURING the first six months of 1929, 2,100 Jewish immigrants arrived in Brazil, as compared with 1,250 for the same period last year. This increase was due as much to the fine work of the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society in conveniently arranging the affairs of Jewish immigrants in Brazil as it was to the normal desire of East European Jews to immigrate. As a result, Brazil is developing a number of excellent Jewish communities.

IT was a Jew who is credited with coining the phrase "turn the other cheek," and now it is interesting to note that the Jewish Agency for Palestine is considering the presentation of a petition to the Palestine government, asking that death sentences pronounced on Arabs for participation in the anti-Jewish massacres not be carried out.



The continuous efforts of Jews in Palestine to raise the cultural standard of the country is expressed in the new opera house nearing completion, shown above. It is the first building in Palestine to be devoted solely to opera.



# Thinking Aloud

## *Eight Candles That Have Burned for Two Thousand Years*

By Urva Porah

**I**T was the night of the eight candles of Chanuka and the chemist was visiting my house.

"Candles," he said, "are made of a variety of materials . . . paraffine, apermaceti, stearine, tallow, palm-oil and wax."

He embarked on a prolonged discourse on the manufacture of candles.

"Some are dipped and some are molded," he went on.

"Let me tell you," I interrupted, "about the interesting and even strange nature of these eight candles."

\* \* \*

"These candles have been burning some two thousand years. They came to me from my father who burned them at this period of the year in all the years of my childhood.

"And in his childhood they had burned, and he heard from his father that their flame had been handed down through countless years to illuminate the eyes of children.

"Sir, do you observe how their light fills this house, though there are only eight of them and though they are small enough? . . . To be sure, you can not see their glamorous illumination, for to see the fullness of their light is given only to the heirs of these candles."

\* \* \*

"I guess they are like the burning bush of which you have read, doubtless. This bush was not to be quenched and out of it came the voice of God. There are some flames, sir, that are not to be explained by the laws of chemistry.

"My father knew the nature of these candles. Once I asked him, 'Why have these candles burned two thousand years since all other candles burn out in an hour?'"

"And he answered: 'These lights are the flaming spirits of liberty and justice and truth and courage and sacrifice and faithfulness and selflessness and love. These never burn out.'

\* \* \*

"In my later years I came to see even more clearly the truth of this and I knew these candles as illuminants that are among the most powerful on the earth.

"These candles, sir, burn with the fire of the first torches that were ever raised for the liberty of the conscience. From these they took their everlasting fire.

"It was in the time Antiochus Epiphanes was king. He, as you may have heard, commanded that Judaism be abolished for the greater glory of his god Jupiter.

"He drove the Jews from their temple and on the altar raised the image of Jupiter and decreed that all Jews must worship him and commanded death for all who might be detected secretly worshipping the God of the Jews.

"It was then that there was raised the torch from which came the flame that has illuminated these candles in all the times since Judas Maccabaeus.

\* \* \*

"Judas Maccabaeus lifted the torch and many followed him to battle against this Antiochus for religious liberty, and many perished and if you were one of the heirs of these candles, you, too, could detect the ardor of their souls in the flames of these candles.

"My father saw their flaming spirits in these eight lights.

"The Jews worshipped secretly in caves and were hunted by the soldiery of Antiochus and, it is related, that once a body of Jews were caught in the service of the Sabbath.

\* \* \*

"And rather than resist, for it was the Sabbath, they submitted themselves to death at the hands of the soldiers. My father used to say that the whiter portion of this candle flame was of the souls of these men and that the ruddier part was of Maccabaeus, the fighter, and of his brethren.

"In time Antiochus was defeated and the Jews returned to their temple and quenched the votive fires that had been set at the feet of Jupiter. And the glory of Antiochus himself and of his line became dim and at length perished and there remains not even one gilded button of that dynasty to admonish men that these glittering kings once walked on the earth.

"But the everlasting flame is radiant in my house."

\* \* \*

"From time to time the flame was replenished. In these lights I see something of the fires of the Inquisition in which men died for the faith. These fires, as you know, were to consume Jews and Judaism.

"But our fathers snatched embers from the flames and with these they replenished the lights. . . . And the fire that was to have consumed Judaism served to light the way of faith, to fill the hearts of men with burning courage, to illuminate the Jewish home with this radiance.

"Often, indeed, my fathers, stripped of their possessions, had only this light to comfort them. It warmed their hearts in the bitter cold of scorn; it illuminated the darkness of their days and showed them a way of life."

\* \* \*

"We burn these lights for the eyes of men only eight nights. For the rest, we keep the flame in our hearts. To be sure, not all of us keep it, for some have lost it and some have permitted it to diminish to a feeble spark while they pursue lights which seem to their eyes more glamorous."

"My father used to say that whoever has it possesses that which dispels all the darknesses of this existence, which offers the illumination of wisdom by which a man may find content."

\* \* \*

"Such is the history of these amazing 2000-year-old candles. You see your chemistry does not and can not tell us all there is to be known about candles."

"The world has stood recently in homage before the electric light in observance of the 50th anniversary of that illuminant and has honored the one who invented it. More wondrous is the light you see in this house which has been carried in the hearts of men these thousands of years which did not perish when those who had it were slain, which began with the torch 2,000 years ago, which was replenished by fires kindled for the destruction of Judaism, which burn this evening in my house."



# Wanted: A Jewish Aristocracy!

By E. David Goitein

**READERS** of THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE must sometimes feel, after they have glanced through the various articles, that all is well in the Jewish world of today. They will find that fabulous sums are spent on education, on charitable institutions, relief work in Europe, on constructive work in Palestine. They will learn at the day of pogroms and physical persecution is over. They will realize that the Jew is manfully playing his part in the life of the country. Gamletoba. All is well.

But at other times a feeling of dependency must grip them, gnaw at them—and if they have hearts which are not of stone—must drive them almost to distraction. For there are remiahs who see nothing but racial suicide staring us in the face. They tell us that assimilation and intermarriage are on the increase, a knowledge of Hebrew is becoming a rarity, synagogue and temple attendances are falling, the younger generation finds no appeal in Judaism. Facilis descensus Averno. Black despair.

Facile optimism is as dangerous as shortsighted pessimism. There are some—perhaps too facile optimists—who say that however dark the cloud over the Jewish sky, Palestine is the ever lining. Others say that with the growth of tolerance in the East as well as in the West, assimilation will come easy and universal. Jewish problems will disappear with the Jewish people. Yet others declare that the Jew has a mission to perform and while adapting himself to the ways of the countries in which he finds himself, he must retain his religion. A beacon light to the gentiles.

## Democracy Versus Aristocracy in Judaism

In my opinion where so many of our readers and thinkers go astray is on this. They think in mass instead of in particulars. They would mass-produce Jews as Ford does cars. They want to see a big community rather than a good community. They would have us believe that a million-dollar temple is more pleasing to God than a *minyun* of devout worshippers. They would democratize Judaism rather than create an aristocracy of Jews. This is fallacious. However excellent democracy may be in the political field,

it is totally out of place in the social sphere and in the world of religion. Therefore, the first essential for a true understanding of our position today is that we should think not of the preservation of Judaism or of Jewry but first, foremost, and at all times of the preservation of Jews. This means realism rather than romanticism in the treatment of Jewish questions. It is about time, too. Assimilationists and Zionists have both been dealing with abstractions . . . too long. Before I deal with this idea let me recall to your mind a legend which has recently been popularized by the cinema. "God would have destroyed the world long ago had it not been for thirty-six righteous men who live unknown and unappreciated by the world and who are its mainstays and support. Without them the world would fall back into chaotic *tohu-bohu*." Thirty-six — no more!

These are the world's aristocrats.

**"He is a creator . . . a builder of the future"**

If I may be allowed to utilize the legend I would say that if we concentrate on keeping alive thirty-six Jewish aristocrats we shall be in a position to propagate our gospel.

What is a Jewish aristocrat? How are we to set about the creation of him? Do we want him?

A Jewish aristocrat is a man who is deeply versed in the lore of his people, who joys in their joys and is sensitive to their hurts. He is a man alive to all that is good and beautiful in the world but will not allow the alluring magnetism of the majority to drag him from his path, nor the sense of his insignificance in an insignificant minority, to warp his judgment nor to sour his outlook. He finds happiness in observing the customs of his people, he answers their calls, he is always at their service. While sipping the honey of his surroundings, he does not fail to taste sweetness in his own. If he draw water from the wells of the gentiles, he is careful not to throw mud into the pits that his fathers dugged. Above all, he is a creator. He is a builder of the future.

Obviously a man of this type is rare and if there were a dozen of him in any one country, that country would indeed be blessed. We cannot hope to have many and we must not ex-

pend our energies in attempting to create many. For if we did, we should merely be making cheap copies of the original, tin for silver, tinsel for gold.

## B'nai B'rith Can Help Create Jewish Aristocrats

That brings me to the question how are we to create this aristocrat? And here, Ben B'rith, you come in. If you are serious in the horror you express when you see your children straying away from the fold, when you hear that your neighbor's children are doing the same, when—wherever you go—you find complaints of the un-Jewishness of the new generation, of its flirtation with the world of the Gentiles, if you are serious, do not stop your ears with cotton-wool and say "I hear nothing but good about the progress of my people," do not blindfold your eyes and say "I see nothing wrong with the road my people is traveling," but with eyes open and ears alert to hear, go about among your people until you have found a potential Aristocrat, and, having found him, mould him into a Jewish Aristocrat. And this shall be the manner of your finding him.

He may be the son of Orthodox parents, with a heart throbbing for his people, who has found orthodoxy meaningless to him, even repugnant. The fuss about this food and that food, this may be eaten, that may not, may seem to him trifling with a great religion. He may have become tired of ceremonial or feel starved without mysticism. He is longing for a Jewishry that will impress him, a Jewishry that meets every need of his soul. . . . He may be the son of Zionist parents, to whom Palestine seems far off, to whom Zionists appear to be nothing but gesticulating foreigners, to whom nationalism is a cramped notion compared with the ideal of Internationalism. Yet in his heart is a longing to be at one with his people, to express that Self of his which is instinctively and distinctively a Jewish Self. . . . He may be the son of assimilationist parents to whom Americanization spells sterility, who feels, vaguely, that the ideals of America are not always the ideals which appeal to him, who is unconsciously aware of an inexplicable urge towards defending the weak and championing the one against the



many. . . . He may be a Socialist to whom Socialism appeals intellectually but fails to satisfy emotionally. . . .

### By Their Divine Contradictions Shall Ye Know Them

You may know him by the blush on his face when you first mention the word Jew, followed by an eagerness to know all you have to say about Jews and Jewishry, followed in its turn, by a truculent attitude towards all things Jewish, and then an almost fiendish desire to keep to the subject of Jews and to prevent any outside questions arising.

And when you have found him, this shall be the manner of your converting him into a Jewish aristocrat, one of the Thirty-Six who will save world-Jewry from collapse.

In the very first place you must orientate him properly. You must make him look to the future rather than to the past. It has, I think, been the mistake of our parents, preachers, and teachers to keep our eyes steadily fixed on our ancestors rather than on our children. This has been good neither for the ancestors nor for the children.

In the second place you will, if you can, root out the absurd notion that because our neighbors are more than we, therefore are they better than we. Because they can mould public opinion and say "This is good, this is evil," therefore must we, without thought, accept these labels of theirs. We must root out that hateful and shameful notion. The power of suggestion is, however, so overwhelming that it will be a Herculean labor to root it up and many of your hoped-for converts will fail to overcome this obstacle upon the road to Jewish aristocracy. That being so, you must descend to details. You must show how in this particular and in that particular the Jewish way of life is preferable to the non-Jewish, how the Jewish mode of thought on this question is more humane than that of the non-Jew on the same question. You will very soon discover that this aspect of his life has never struck your potential Jew. He will sit up, surprised. He will become interested. Having gone thus far, the rest of your task will be distinctly easier. When once his sense of inferiority has gone, his fear of anti-semitism will go, and when once the repressions resulting from a dread of what the non-Jew will think have gone, there will be a flow-

ering of the Jewish creative genius. It is at this moment that you will have to take the greatest care and use the utmost forethought if your Jewish aristocrat is not to become merely an aristocrat of Jewish descent. At this point in your "education" you will—unlike the reformers of the last century—try to encourage a loving observance of our *mitzvoth*. I can think of nothing more criminal on the part of the early reformers than the way they turned the glowing poetry of Jewish life into dull prose by pruning this old custom, rooting up that old practice, sneering at this many-faceted gem of Jewish life and declaring as of no value that gracious habit of five thousand years.

### The Foundation Laid, the Rest Is Easy

You will recover the *tephillin* strap and the silver-rimmed *mezuzah*, you will rediscover for your aristocrat the fragrance of the spice that accompanies the departure of Queen Sabbath. . . . By this time you will have laid your foundation so firmly that your convert may be left to do the building himself. You may have to help him now and again by showing him where he may find the thought of the Jews that have gone before him and where he will find the living Jewish thought of today. You will not necessarily send him to the Theological Colleges nor to the Temples and Synagogues with their flashy sermons. No.



You will send him to the writers and thinkers who, during the last twenty years, have been showing themselves in America and in Germany. . . .

I say to you, Ben B'rith, that if you can make one Jew—"one only kid"—of this type you will have done your duty. You will not have to worry about the Jewish future. You will not have to trouble yourself about Judaism nor about Jews. One Jew, that is enough.

Of course, if you want advertisement or publicity, if you want to see your name broadcasted in all the cheaper papers—"MAN WHO SAVED JUDAISM"—don't follow the advice I have just given. You must call a meeting and . . . but why should I tell you how to do it?

One last question before I close this article.

"Do you want him?" Do you really want a Jewish aristocrat?

We are all the victims of hydra-headed prejudices. Some of us are prejudiced against Jews. We believe that if there were no Jews in the world, the world would be a happier place to live in.

Some of us, owing to our upbringing, are prejudiced in their favor.

I am supposing, fellow Son of the Covenant, that you belong to the latter class, as I do.

I want you to get rid of that prejudice. So long as you hold it, you will be unable to help us create a single Jewish aristocrat. For on the way, you will be wishing to yourself that he possessed such and such qualities only enjoyed by Christians. You will be irritated instead of delighted with certain of his mannerisms.

### Study Yourself and Make Your Choice

I want you to face the Jew openly and boldly. Compare him with his non-Jewish neighbor. Then and only then if you come to the conclusion that you would prefer honestly and without reservation more Moses Cohen and less John Robinson may you set about saving Moses Cohen for Judaism.

If—having looked at them both fairly and squarely, you conclude (in spite of your prejudices the other way) that John and not Moses is the man for you—keep your hands off Jews. Don't pretend you care which way Jewry is traveling. You don't.

There's no reason why you should.

Alas! you—at least—can never be one of an Aristocracy of Jews.



# Publicist and Humanitarian

The Biography of Dr. Paul Nathan, based on "Politik und Humanitat" by E. Feder

By Ethel M. Kerman

IN THE array of great men produced by German Jewry, Dr. Paul Nathan occupied a most prominent position for several decades. He attained wide recognition as scholar, statesman, publicist, orator, and communal worker; he was consulted on a variety of problems. He was the staunch and tireless champion of every just cause and with his great literary and oratorical gifts he was always ready to defend the victims of injustice and oppression. His activities were by no means limited to his native land, for his beneficent influence was felt far beyond the borders of Germany.

Paul Nathan was born in Berlin on April 25, 1857. On the maternal side he was descended from a family of financiers who gained wealth and distinction as the fiscal agents of reigning princes. His uncle became Baron von Cohn and was decorated by Wilhelm I, Friedrich, and Wilhelm II. Paul Nathan's father, Wilhelm Nathan, who was a Berlin banker, lost his own and his wife's fortune in unsuccessful speculations.

Paul was a weak child from birth and frequent illness interfered with his attendance at school. After his graduation from the *Gymnasium*, at the age of 17, he longed to continue his studies, but his father desired him to enter business in order to gain his independence as soon as possible. He came a clerk in the office of an oil factory. His day's work over, however, he sought refuge in his books and the study of foreign languages. But, when this program overtaxed his slender strength and he was obliged to relinquish it, he fell into deep gloom. He feared that this irksome occupation was depriving him of the opportunity to develop his natural abilities and that it would thwart all the noble ideals and plans he had formed for his future. After his father's death in 1877, he was free to choose his own career. However, his father left behind a maze of litigation. Without the aid of an attorney, the 20-year-old youth brilliantly vindicated his father's honor and settled his affairs. He now decided to devote himself to science and politics, supporting himself in the meantime by journalism.

After several unsuccessful attempts, he finally obtained employment with the *Berliner Buerger Zeitung* and then, for a longer period, with the *Berliner Boersener Courier*, both Liberal newspapers. As a reporter he interviewed many prominent persons and wrote on a variety of subjects. He investigated the attempted assassination of Kaiser Wilhelm I on May 11, 1878.

In 1881, Heidelberg University conferred upon him a doctorate degree, *insigni cum laude*. His thesis, which consumed nearly two years of intensive work and research, was entitled "Studies in Gargantua and Pantagruel by Francois Rabelais." This work was praised by the faculty as a valuable contribution to literature.

Upon his return to Berlin, a Liberal leader of the *Reichstag* requested him to write a political pamphlet. This drew him definitely into politics. For a year he edited the *Tribune* and then, for 20 years, he was editor of the *Nation*, which was considered the best political paper in Germany. He also contributed to famous international publications. His connection with these journals brought him into contact with many distinguished persons, some of whom became his life-long friends. With the accession of Kaiser Friedrich Wilhelm to the German throne, the *Nation* became the unofficial organ of the Court. During those days of stress the young journalist made his first appearance as an orator and met with instant success. But his dream of a parliamentary career was never realized.

His first contact with anti-Semitism was in 1882, when he attended a ritual murder trial at Tisza-Eszlar in Hungary. In that atmosphere of hate and anti-Semitic fabrications, he first real-



Paul Nathan

ized that the press can be a powerful influence for good, for the international discussion aroused broke the sinister web of lies, and the case ended with the acquittal of the accused. In 1892 he attended the trial of a similar case at Cleve in the Rhineland of an alleged ritual murder at Xanten. The spectacle of so much injustice impelled him to join a Committee for the Combatting of anti-Semitism, which published not only his book

on the Tisza-Eszlar case, but two other scientific works, the result of years of methodical investigation. These latter deal with criminality among Jews in Germany and with the Jews as soldiers. Both have been widely utilized by later investigators. His book on the ritual murder trial at Tisza-Eszlar was called by Maximilian Harden "a little masterpiece."

But he was drawn more and more into the Jewish problem. With the increase of interest in the condition of the Oriental Jew, Paul Nathan organized, in 1901, the German *Hilfsverein*, patterning it after the French *Alliance Israelite*. His aim was to elevate the economic and cultural level of the Jews of the Near East by means of education and vocational training. Together with James Simon, a prominent Berlin merchant and philanthropist, he directed the *Hilfsverein* for almost a generation. During the first years of its existence, this organization was called upon to use its good offices on behalf of the victims of the pogrom wave which struck Russian Jewry after 1903. Dr. Nathan employed his organizing ability to regulate the mass emigration to America that followed in the wake of these disorders. Between the years 1904 and 1913 the

(Continued on Page 104)



# They Laughed at Him

What! A "Gringo" Fight Bulls? Nonsense; One Must Have Latin Blood for That. But Sidney Franklin, An American Jew, Is Today the Idol of Spain

By Ralph Deutsch

**L**EWIS BROWNE wrote aptly when he described the Jews as a people "stranger than fiction." As an interviewer and as a writer on many aspects of Jewish life, this very thought has occurred to me more than any other. The frequent note struck was, "Who would ever believe it! How remarkable! How unusual!" In the strangest places one finds Jews—doing the most unusual things. I remember speaking to Vladimir Jabotinsky, the leader of the Revisionists, and I said to him, "The Jew is a people which transcends reason." He stopped for a moment, held by the thought, and said, "You yourself don't know what a wonderful thing you have said." "Yes," he meditated, slowly repeating, "it is true; the Jew is a people which transcends reason."

All this is said apropos the latest figure which occupies so peculiar a place in American life, and of which phenomenon the press is making much. He is Sidney Franklin, the Brooklyn boy, who has achieved great triumphs in the arena as a bull-fighter.

And now comes the sentence that should be italicized: *Sidney Franklin is the first and only American bull-fighter.* There never was—in the centuries of America's existence—another American bull-fighter. And this American is a Jew.

Spain, in 1492, made it possible for Christopher Columbus to discover America. At the same time, by horrible tortures, Spain drove out hundreds and hundreds of Jews. Nobody, when America was discovered, thought that Spain was helping to discover a refuge and a home for harried and persecuted Jews, as well as other minority religions. Now America sends over its first representative of Spain's national sport, and this American is a Jew.

Browne was right. The Jew is a people "stranger than fiction."

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I spoke to Sidney Franklin before he left for Spain. It was in his home, a Jewish immigrant home, with old-fashioned pictures of bearded European kinsmen. He told me of the days when he went to *cheder* and attended synagogue. He read to me



Sidney Franklin

*He taught Latins the gentle art of bull-fighting.*

from one of the Yiddish dailies. I chanced to be carrying with me. His father, a sturdy, bearded orthodox Jew, came in, obviously proud that his son had received attention from the Yiddish press. Other journals, so he told me, he regarded as outsiders, but when his own journals paid attention to his son, then he felt as if his offspring had been truly honored.

The first American matador of all times is a slim, blonde, rather tall young man, with a sensitive face and a winning smile. One would take him for a recent college graduate. It did not seem right. I looked at him again.

"I always imagined," I told him, "a matador to be dark and cruel and savage, like the bull he was fighting."

He smiled genially, as a sensitive artist would.

"The bull-fighter must be in the pink of condition, yes, slender and trim. He wouldn't last long if he weren't."

But still I did not understand. "How come that a young man—only 27—living in peaceful Brooklyn, and Jewish at that, should become a matador?" I asked.

\* \* \*

The story came slowly and reluctantly, but it was complete and well told. It was punctuated with such

remarks, "Bull-fighting isn't really dangerous, not really." And then, as if to check up, "not more so than any other profession." Interwoven with the talk was the genial smile of a modest youth.

It concerned the glamor of an immense bull ring, of the murderous onrush of horned savage beasts, of the slim gold-and-red figure of the matador darting here and there of frightened horses, of the agile picador hurling darts into the bull's neck, of the smell of thick blood, of cruel outcries from the audience, of the alert passionate tension of the matador.

The story harks back about seven years. Sidney Franklin is a Columbia University art department graduate. At college, he visioned himself a great artist, doing beautiful things. But after graduation contact with reality made inroads on his dreams. He suffered privation and starvation, until it was impossible to hold out any longer. Then he did what thousands have done before him. He entered the field of commercial art. His stomach was satisfied, but now his soul was starved. He was discontented and unhappy.

He decided he would quit work for awhile. He would roam around and travel and grope—and perhaps find himself. He thought of Mexico. The very place. It was a new country, a new civilization. There would be much to see and much to record in paint. He wanted to paint for the love of it; because it was beautiful, not because it would get him a check. He wanted to paint beautiful things because he loved them.

In Mexico he met Americans. Of course they took him to see a bull-fight.

"The first bull-fight sickened me—and fascinated me. But I went back next Sunday—and I kept going back. There was a thrill I couldn't resist in seeing men gambling with death as the matador did. It seemed to bring to a high and tingling climax all the color and romance and picturesqueness of Mexico that by now I loved. A man going out and snapping his fingers in the face of death! There was a fierce raw thrill about that which kept me magnetized.



"I watched closely. I observed it was not a haphazard struggle of man against a savage. The man depended on intelligence; the brute depended on strength. And the secret behind it was the crimson cloak. It is instinctive for any animal, including a man, to follow a moving object. The matador moves the cloak. The bull attacks it, thinking that it is thus injuring its tormentor. But the matador quickly pulls away the cloak, and the bull's horns butt viciously the thin air. There are other tricks. Certain bulls have their own peculiar way of surging and turning. The matador, knowing this, can be where they want to be."

"I wasn't enthused about the business; anybody could do it. I expressed this sentiment to a group of friends while in a restaurant. The Mexicans were shocked. The ideal they laughed. '¡Arriba! a gringo fight bulls! A tennerfoot; and an arrest to boot! It could never be.'

"At the bottom, I persisted, it's a matter of intelligence, and when you pit a man's intelligence against a beast, a man must—it is inevitable—come out the victor."

"This, to the Mexicans, was blasphemy and sacrilege. They became excited. No American, although he might excel in every kind of sport, could possibly become a bull-fighter. The proof could be found in the actuality. Has any American ever been one? Has any one ever been the one who did not have Latin blood? Thus they argued. The manager of the smaller of the two arenas in Mexico City, the Chapultepec, which seats 14,000 people, overheard the conversation. He was as skeptical as the rest, but he was struck with the novelty of the idea and its practical possibilities. He sent me to Rodolfo Pina, who is the greatest bull-fighter Mexico ever produced and one of the three greatest of all time."

Franklin spoke of the great Goana with reverence and awe. Bull-fighting, you are made to understand, is a great art, whose masters you humbly worship.

"The bull-fighter," Franklin takes pains to explain, "is as popular as a president, and certainly he makes as much money. The great ones get as much as \$5,000 a performance and the one or two topnotchers command as high as \$8,000. The popular ones, in addition, are given benefit performances at the end of the season. The management donates the field and the cattlebreeders the bull. The afternoon's receipts, a considerable amount, are given to him."

The great Goana was cordial. He,

the bull was child's play. Tens of thousands of people do not pay \$3.00 apiece to see a valuable and specially raised bull killed. The matador's work is broader and harder. He has to make the bull obey his wishes. He has to show that he is master of him. When he can convince the populace that the bull is obeying his wishes and following his commands, then he may kill, not before. There would be no purpose in continuing the game longer.

"For this reason, at the beginning, I played as a *chelo*, and avoided the bull's rushes by an inch or two. When he grew tired, I approached him with a cloak and found I could make him do what I pleased, stand crooked or

square in a moment, just as I liked. For I learned at once that a bull rushes at the cloak, and not at the man who holds it.

"Power over a wild animal, I soon discovered, comes to a man by leaps and bounds. Of a sudden one finds that he can make a beast do something which the day before he could not make him do. It is also a matter of intimate knowledge of the nature of the animal. Just as a shepherd knows each of his sheep from thousands, so I came to know bulls, with a complete understanding of the nature and temper of each one."



Our Hero in Action

too, was skeptical, for it was claimed that Spanish blood was essential and he was a Mexican. For 12 days Franklin trained with Goana. Then he went to the Sajay ranch and fought young bulls. Most of the time they tore the clothes off his back. But he learned quickly. He began to understand that knowledge of the animal is all important. He learned on which side to move to avoid the bull's rush. He began to understand how a bull would strike by the way he bent his head.

"It was apparent that just to kill

The manager of the Chapultepec saw Franklin work and was amazed.

"I was billed," said Franklin, "for the following Sunday. In the ring, I was tossed about several times—" he laughed—"but then I got along all right. The fact that I was an American made the public less exacting. They did not expect too much. They admired my courage and threw me bouquets."

\* \* \*

All this happened about five years ago. Since then he has fought all over Mexico and the coast. Altogether he has engaged in 200 bull-



fight. He has become the idol of all Mexico, appearing regularly in its greatest arena, the El Toro, which seats 30,000 persons.

I spoke to him at his home, preparatory to his departure for Spain, there to get official recognition. He was as nervous as a college graduate about to tackle his first job, as a lawyer about to plead his first case, as a cub-reporter out on his first assignment. Would he make good?

\* \* \*

How he made out in Spain has been told in press despatches from Madrid, and Barcelona. He fought the bulls with the expertness of a Latin. He did so well that crowds lifted him high on their shoulders and carried him out of the arena. This is an honor reserved for memorable occasions only. At Seville, he showed the stuff he was made of by living up to the most exacting traditions of the game. Tradition demands that the bull-fighter, no matter how badly injured, should walk off the field unaided. Franklin fell when his cape caught in the horns of the bull. He was severely bruised, but despite the advice of doctors, came back to the field, where he finished off his bull as if nothing had happened. His bravery aroused high pitches of enthusiasm.

In all, eight bulls are killed at each performance. Each of four matadors kills two. Should a matador be injured his bulls are divided among the others.

"What," I asked, "if three matadors are killed by the first bull, leaving eight for the last one?"

"His work wouldn't be over until he had killed all eight," Franklin answered. "Even should he know he will die, the truly great matador will not quit before that. It's a tradition that's never violated."

"Women," he told me, "often prove a matador's undoing. The glances that come his way are most captivating. It's hard to resist them. But the matador knows the price he pays when he returns soft glance for soft glance. Many a fatal accident has resulted because of it. The game requires steel nerves, skill, and great physical courage."

"To win one's way to fame requires hard, constant, and persevering work. It is similar to the chorus girl's grinding rise to stardom. It is full of pitfalls and disappointments."

Unless a bull gets him, Franklin says he intends to continue in his profession and introduce it in New York. He even went so far as to predict that great crowds will some

day turn out for New York bull-fights, the same as they do now for baseball games.

"Of course, we won't kill bulls in New York, but otherwise the skill, excitement, danger and peril of a man matching his quickness and ingenuity against a wild beast bred for that purpose will fascinate New York as well as other cities in the United States. Most of my audiences on the Texas-Mexican border were North Americans and many of my fans in Mexico were Americans."

He was asked what the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would do, but answered that he believed it could do nothing. "What can they do?" he countered with another question. "There is no cruelty to the animal." It was the man, he contended, who took his life in his hands against a savage animal.

Franklin visited his family in Brooklyn during October and November. Later he may go to Central and South America, and then either return to Spain for another season before launching bull-fights in New York, or make his New York debut without visiting Spain again.

#### PUBLICIST AND HUMANITARIAN

(Continued from Page 101)

bureaus he established aided nearly 200,000 Jewish wanderers.

The outbreak of the Russian Revolution in 1905 with its attendant dangers to the Jews caused Dr. Nathan to travel to Russia to negotiate with the government for the enfranchisement of the Russian Jews. This was preceded by a conference in London with Lord Rothschild, Claude Montefiore, and Sir Samuel Montagu. In Russia, he interviewed the Czar's ministers and conferred with the leaders of the Liberal parties. Realizing, too, the value of foreign opinion, he furnished the press of Germany, France, and the English-speaking countries with data on the condition of the Russian Jews. But his efforts were fruitless.

He was more successful, however, in his intervention on behalf of the Roumanian Jews. To suppress a peasant uprising, in March, 1907, the government diverted the peasants' fury and rapacity to the Jews who, as a result, were plunged in great misery. On reaching Bucharest, Paul Nathan organized immediate relief and, due to his intercession with the government, the disorders were suppressed.

It was inevitable that Dr. Nathan should become interested in Palestine. He visited the Holy Land twice to ob-

serve the institutions of the *Hilfsverein*. On his second visit, which was made at the request of Vissotsky, a prominent Russian merchant, he placed a large sum at his disposal, he purchased a site for the *Haifa Technicum*.

There was hardly a Jewish cause of importance in which Dr. Nathan was not active, either in a directing or advisory capacity. Thus, between the years of 1911 and 1913, he succeeded in arousing the public opinion of Western Europe against the blood libel in Kiev, known as the Mendel Beiliss affair. For this service he was thanked by the leaders of the Jewish community of Kiev. During the same time he was engaged in organizing relief work for the Jewish victims of the Balkan War which broke out in October, 1912. While in the Balkans he was received by the kings of Greece and Bulgaria, who expressed their good-will and promised their co-operation. His program embraced more than temporary relief, for, wherever he went, he organized the Jewish communities for self-help. His greatest service, however, was rendered during the early stages of the World War when Germany overran Poland and the western provinces of Russia, which were thickly populated by Jews. He helped organize relief committees which established food stations and hospital centers for the prevention of epidemics. He made six visits to the war zones in Russia and Roumania.

His far-flung activities and interests, however, did not impair his usefulness at home. As a member of the Berlin Municipal Council from 1899 to 1919, he worked for the betterment of housing conditions and to provide work for the unemployed. He took an active interest in the city libraries and reading rooms and was a member of the Art Commission.

Dr. Nathan was considered an authority on all problems pertaining to the Near East and was consulted frequently by ambassadors and heads of foreign missions. He stood high in German political circles. After the German Revolution of 1918, he was offered the ambassadorship to Vienna which he declined on the ground that appointment of a Jew to a Catholic country might arouse the anti-Semitic and thus prove prejudicial to the Reich's interests.

He traveled extensively and, in the fall of 1910, visited the United States where he was accorded a warm welcome.

His death on March 20, 1927, ended a very active and useful career.



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# Proving Jewish History

*Old Synagogues in the New Palestine, Discovered Through the Recent Excavations at Beth-Alpha*

By Xenophon



ETH-ALPHA is one of the ultra-modern settlements in the Emek or Plain of Esdraelon. It is situated in the heart of the Emek settlements and has gained repute as a community which sought to enforce the Marxian philosophy of life, however radical its application. It is not communistic in the true sense of the word, but its co-operative management is the nearest approach in hard reality to a communistic utopia.

Beth-Alpha, has, however, gained another, perhaps more historical reputation. In it have been discovered relics of old Jewish history, the first of their kind in a Palestine which, until recently, offered no substantiation in stone and mortar of what was otherwise historical truth. Early this year the workers of Beth Alpha, while excavating in a canal, discovered a highly ornamented and decorated

mosaic. Although no archeologists themselves, but possessed by a deep sense of the archeologically important, they at once notified the Hebrew University, which sent its Field Expert, Dr. Sukenik, to conduct proper excavations on the spot and unearth all that might be important. The investigations lasted about two months and now it is possible to sum up the discoveries, important alike for the knowledge of the construction of places of worship by Jews in Palestine, and for the history of the Jewish community here after the destruction of the Temple by the Romans.

In the early days of the excavations there was no doubt as to the finding of a large Basilica, a place of worship which faced the Holy City of Jerusalem, towards which all synagogues were to be turned since the destruction of the Temple. An area of about 400 square meters was dug

and explored, 28 meters in length by 14 meters wide. Here were found benches for the worshippers and a special corner for the washing of the hands, while the "Aron Hakkodesh," the Ark of the Covenant, made apparently of wood, was not preserved, and only traces of it were seen. In a corner was preserved, within a circle, what must have been the safe of the synagogue, for about 36 coins of copper were found there.

For the first time in the history of synagogues, a proper "Bima" or pulpit was discovered. In a synagogue found in Aleppo, Syria, on the site of an Arab mosque, there has now also been unearthed a Bima, and by comparison of the designs and location, it is easy to infer that they both come from the sixth century A. D.

There is a women's gallery from which three doors lead to the syna-



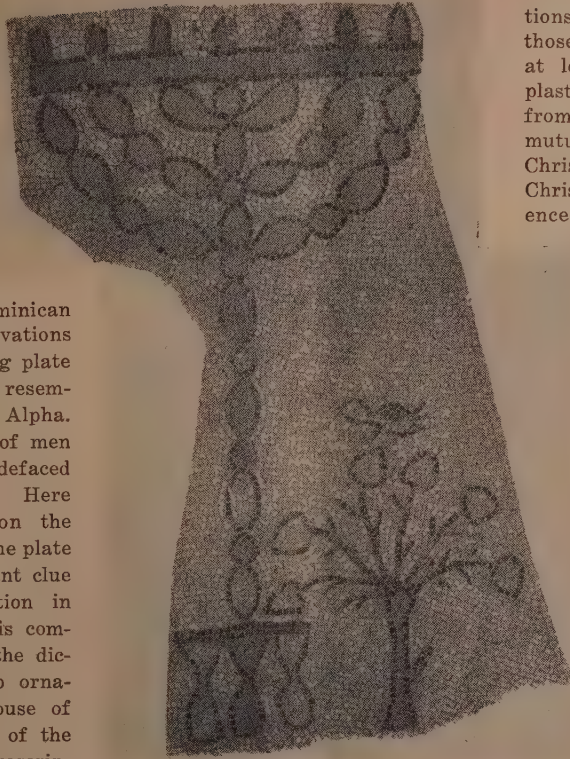
*Mosaic depicting the zodiac, which was uncovered in all its pristine beauty in the Beth-Alpha excavations. It indicates a belief in astrological devices prevalent in the sixth century.*



ogue proper. One opens from the west, serving the purpose of those coming from the street, and two others for special occasions and people.

But the main importance of the Beth Alpha find lies in the ornamentation seen in the mosaic plates found in the excavations. Mosaics are not unknown in Palestine, and each period has had its own design. The Dominican Fathers discovered in their excavations at Na'aran, near Jericho, a long plate of mosaic which showed great resemblance to that seen in Beth Alpha. Here, as there, are ornaments of men and animals, some perhaps defaced but others intact to this day. Here are all the animals shown on the Zodiac and their discovery on the plate of the mosaic offers an important clue to the history of ornamentation in Jewish places of worship. It is commonly believed that following the dictates in the law of Moses, no ornament was tolerated in the House of Israel, as all were reminiscent of the ways of the idolators. If the proscription was in force in an ordinary Jewish home, so much stronger did it apply to a public place of worship. But it would appear that there were days when Jews did not enforce that prohibition too meticulously and probably under Byzantine influences as well as under those of the mystics who flourished about that time, they sometimes permitted themselves to depart slightly from the strict enforcement of the prohibition against the ornamentation of synagogues.

The Zodiac itself was apparently brought to the Jews from ancient Babylon and the names of the various animals which form part of the Zodiac were also similar to those found in Babylonian inscriptions. The ornaments and decorations found in the mosaic and on the walls of the Beth Alpha synagogue leave no doubt that at one time Jews found no sin in the plastic arts and endeavored to cultivate it in their own places of worship. Belief in stars and the other celestial elements was quite common in antiquity and it is likely that those responsible for the religious leadership of the community, the Ministers and Cantors, to whom all Jews outside of Palestine turned in the sixth century and afterwards for religious enlightenment, saw that it



*The Menorah mosaic, representative of a house of worship in Israel. This was preserved intact from the Beth-Alpha excavations.*

was quite proper to convey to their brethren abroad a knowledge of the stars. Most likely they even ordered the artists of the day to leave a plastic model of that belief for posterity in the very heart of their places of worship.

The edifice of the synagogue found at Beth-Alpha is small and it would appear that the builders endeavored to sink as much means, energy and taste as possible into the mosaic of the synagogue, while the masonry was done inexpensively. It was shaken during an earthquake and the roof, together with the main parts of the building crumbled on the mosaic which, however, suffered less from the effects of the shock than the other parts of the synagogue.

On one wall may be seen the classical medieval panel "The Sacrifice of Isaac" (Akedath Izhak). The panel was very common in Christian places of worship in the Middle Ages and the pictures of the two boys with the donkey, of the hand of Abraham holding a knife to sacrifice Isaac, the tied hands of the son, all pathetic remembrances of biblical lore, bear

strong resemblance to other decorations found in Christian Churches of those days. There is little doubt that at least in the domain of religious plastic art with subjects borrowed from Jewish sacred history, there was mutual influence between Jews and Christians and it is not unlikely that Christians were in this respect influenced by Jews who of course were more familiar with that biblical theme. Between the two pictures of lion and buffalo there were two inscriptions, one in Greek and one in Aramaic, which declared that the building was erected under Justinianus I, and that the actual work of construction was in charge of the two artisans, Marianos and Ben Hanina, who supervised especially the preparation of the mosaic. According to the excavator this is the first case among synagogues discovered in Palestine in which the date of the construction has been stated with certainty and the just tribute has been paid to those who were in charge of the building.

The Hebrew University may well congratulate itself upon this fine achievement. The excavations have naturally aroused the curiosity of pilgrims and tourists, and Beth-Alpha, otherwise a quiet little Jewish village, has assumed the importance of a miniature Mecca to which every hunter after past glory deems it his duty to repair. The university has left the site of the excavations open for tourists and it is understood that the Government Department of Antiquities, realizing the importance of the finds, proposes to erect a special building on the site of the excavations. Bit by bit we are progressing in a knowledge of the Jewish past of Palestine.

In the tremendous race in the unearthing of archeological treasures in Palestine which has been going on for decades and which has been given great impetus in the past few years, Jews are beginning to take their rightful place. The results are yet meager, for excavation work to be productive of results must have a number of satisfactory elements to prepare the ground for success, not the least important of which is money, which is available in larger sums to non-Jewish archeologists than to Jewish. Yet the sum total is reaching a fairly encouraging figure.



# WE SEE IN THE PAPERS....



AVE you ever noticed how two persons with exactly the same facts can arrive at utterly different conclusions when it comes to interpreting them? Nowhere is this better illustrated than in two articles which appeared in the November issue of *Current History*, under the general title, "The Arab-Jewish Conflict in Palestine."

The first, written by Ameen Rihani, New York Arab scholar and author, shows the Arabs of Palestine betrayed by England, ousted from their native land by the Zionists, their cultural ideals smashed by ruthless "big business," their dream of a significant pan-Arabia frustrated. The other article, by Meyer W. Weisgal, editor of *The New Palestine*, based on the same facts, shows that the Arabs have had 75 per cent of the promises made to them redeemed (and what group benefited more than that from the war?); that they will not only not be ousted from Palestine, but the land will be developed so beautifully by the Jews that even more Arabs will eventually be able to live there; that Arab cultural ideals are being fostered with loving care by the Zionists; and that pan-Arabia has nothing to do with that tiny strip of land called Palestine.

Mr. Rihani makes his worst slip when, declaring that "the chief objection of the Arabs to Zionism is inspired by neither religious nor racial feeling," but rather by the Arab fear of a complete Jewish conquest of the land, he magnanimously concedes that "the Arabs have no objection to Zionism as a cultural and spiritual movement." Needless to say, Mr. Weisgal leaps on this with forensic glee. "Is it not relevant to ask," he writes, "if the Jewish people have no historic connection with Palestine—if their destiny lies outside of Palestine, what is the meaning of this spiritual center, so freely granted to us? The answer is simple: Because there is no reality behind the bare words 'spiritual center.' Spiritual centers do not exist in the air. They are born of political freedom and economic security. Commerce, industry, agriculture, and the free exercise of the rights of a people to the land that they can call their own are the props upon which a spiritual center is built."



A bit of what is actually happening in the Holy Land today appears in the *Nation*. Commenting on the deplorable boycott between Jews and Arabs in Palestine, that liberal weekly regretfully concludes that the British Inquiry Commission has not yet developed any rays of light. "Perhaps a permanent solution can come only if and when Zionist leaders, ceasing to depend upon the fragile word of a political government, work out a method of dealing directly with the Arabs. That is a faint hope today."

NO problem is more difficult of solution, nor more often fruitlessly discussed, than marriage. That is why one looks with a skeptical eye at what Rabbi Harry E. Richmond of Paducah, Ky., has written in the *American Israelite* recently. "Our ideal of love," he writes, "we seldom if ever realize before marriage. It is realized only after marriage." Spiritual union, he claims, rests on mutual respect. So far so good. And marriage, he persists, must be permanent. "Companionate marriage is condemned ab initio."

Now this seems a bit like placing the vehicle before the quadruped. It is exceedingly dangerous for a bachelor to play around with a subject like this, but we can't help asking how on earth anyone is to know, positively, before marriage, that he is marrying a person worthy of eternal respect and adoration? Force acts on matter, life is flux, and pencils are tipped with erasers. . . . Now, man to man, could you respect a perpetual chatterbox? Could you adore a nagger? And if you have a method for determining these and other delectable qualities (such as social-climbing) before marriage, when the girl is all smiles, pretty frocks, perfume, and charm, send it in, C. O. D.

But where the shoe really pinches is Rabbi Richmond's bombardment, bastioned by Talmud, that a single man (generic) is only half a man—"Half

realized humans . . . it is marriage that enables man and woman to become creators." Now, far be it from anyone with a grain of sense or an ounce of tact to bay at this opinion, but it must be conceded that George Jean Nathan isn't exactly sterile, while his colleague, H. L. Mencken, could scarcely be put in the unproductive class. Children in colleges must certainly study the works of Charles Lamb for some occult reason. I don't remember ever having heard of wives in connection with Schopenhauer, Beethoven, Voltaire, or Swift, yet they somehow managed to leave pin-pricks in the sands of time. There are others. . . . Of course, the Hon. Charles Curtis was in difficulties recently over the official hostess problem, but . . .

\* \* \*

THE belated *Jewish Social Service Quarterly* has at last been delivered, and it is a Boris D. Bogen memorial issue. Jewish leaders from all over the world paid tributes to Dr. Bogen at the time of his death, but there was something infinitely touching in this late expression in the organ of the National Conference of Jewish Social Service, of which Dr. Bogen was President. It contained tributes from Dr. S. C. Kohs, Jacob G. Lipman, Felix M. Warburg, Alfred M. Cohen, Dr. Solomon Lowenstein, Herbert H. Lehman, and Baruch C. Vladeck.

\* \* \*

PRAY, what were you doing at the age of 13? Well, never mind . . . listen to what Nathan S. Krems of Seattle, Wash., has done and is doing. Nathan is now 14, but last year he entered the University of Washington, after graduating from grammar school at 10. He is known as the Boy Reporter of the *Seattle Times*, and must have some drag somewhere, because he writes to me on the publisher's stationery. He covers sports and writes special articles. During the summer he worked the hardest beat on the paper—police—on occasions, and was finally promoted to assistant financial editor. At the age of 10 he was editor of a weekly law journal (*Seattle Progress*), and what else he's done would take more space than is allotted this department. Right now he's a full-blooded sophomore, and works six hours a day on the *Times* as sports writer. We must watch that lad!

EDWARD E. GRUSD.



# Grace Aguilar's Diary

By Rachael Cohen

It is generally known that from her seventh year Grace Aguilar kept a diary. In every notice of her life this is mentioned, but so far as I am aware no part of it has been published. Only one volume has been found among her manuscripts. It is a slim, green bound volume, divided into two parts. The first, ended Sunday, October 8, 1843, concludes with the note on Tuesday, Oct. 10, "The remainder of my happy excursion from October to 4 Nov. is in my Etchings and journal contained in my pocketbook of 1843 from which I had always hoped and intended to have written a full journal but from that day to this have had no pause in my compulsory writing to enable me to do so." It is initialed and dated 2 Oct., 1844.

The second part commences from the last mentioned date to the 15th of the same month, and is descriptive of a holiday spent at Hampton on the Thames. The writing is the thin, somewhat scratchy hand of the period, and ink faded to brown, but easy to read and indicative of a neat, orderly cure.

The value of this diary, as of every diary, is that unsuspected human impulses of the writer reveal themselves. An author who has become stereotyped and conventionalized by repetition appears before us clothed in human habiliments, breathing the keenly air of everyday life. This is especially the case with Grace Aguilar who has suffered somewhat unfairly from this relegation to the none too colorful sphere of Sabbath and Sunday-school prizes. One feels that had she lived long enough she would have grown the somewhat childish enthusiasms of her writings.

The diary opens with a description of the previous evening: "The night of Saturday was so awfully tempestuous that (a remarkable circumstance to me) I could not sleep. The result of this was that steaming down the Thames on Sunday morning was nerve wracking. I am no coward in general but this day all my nerves felt strung to tight, and all the horrible sounds, and noise!—Stop! her!—Off!—On!—at ahead! and innumerable others made my heart beat almost to suffocation." The sky and river were black; it was with thanksgiving that the vessel was quitted and the omnibus,

bound for Maidstone, where Grace Aguilar was to visit a friend, was boarded.

The fellow passengers consisted of two country people and a very intelligent man who soon engaged himself in conversation, anxious to impart all the novelties of the journey.

They viewed a castle from a hill outside the town. The description of the vista is spread over more than a page . . . "the old keep of the castle looking down upon the Medway, the streets lying quietly on the hill interspersed with foliage, the conflux of the Medway with the Thames in the distance, the hills in the far distance blended with the most exquisite effects of light and shade and the masts and sails of ships on the broad river." The sky is cloudy with sudden showers of sunshine lighting up the wonderful prospect when the windmills and spotted cows browsing in the fields become suddenly visible "a scene of such perfect country—I longed to escape from the carriage and revel in freedom in the midst of it."

But a few more minutes brought them to the turnpike leading into Maidstone and the Gegore Inn where the innkeeper and his wife waited on the doorstep to greet her.

Having settled herself comfortably, Grace reflects on what has brought her to Maidstone and philosophizes over the painful anticipations of meeting again . . . "those friends from whom we have been severed for years . . . more widely parted by incidents than time." She is half fearful of meeting this friend Lucy—the same friend to whom she had sent poems, pleading

"Farewell! Think on me when away, Let not my Faith remove thy love."

Though arrived at the inn, "I knew

Lucy would not be with me till near 5—the afternoon service not concluding till then, and that interval memory employed by retracing, rapid as thought, the events of the four and a half years which had elapsed since we had last met." Lucy during that time had lost her mother, and Grace's life

had been chilled and clouded with petty anxieties and cares, sometimes "crushing the very heart to earth when most it longed to soar to heaven." Her own character had not changed, except that "it was older, less the girl."

The meeting satisfied Grace, and she spent a happy evening in her friend's company reliving old memories, books, and thoughts. Though of different religious faiths neither had gone back, but had "mutually clung to Him who only can relieve." She was happy to find that her friend still loved her. "The

thought impressed in my Spirit of Judaism, poems and other tales, which Lucy had read in the interval of separation had found as full, as deep, as dear an answer in her heart and mind as would satisfy both the author and the friend." The sitting-room was decorated with bright flowers and charmed the guest.

The following morning, Monday 9th, Grace "awoke with a most delicious feeling of freshness and buoyancy quite unusual for me now"—and most rare for her, comments, "Comfortable breakfast, delicious bread and butter." After reading the service for the day, she inserted the very modern cry, "I want more individual prayers in our services."

Midday she met Lucy. They visited an old lady 94 years of age. Grace mentions her own grandmother then 80 years old reflecting on old age and death—" . . . death itself coming gently

*GRACE AGUILAR still lives through her famous diary as well as some of her novels and writings on Jewish history and religion. Although she lived only 31 years her works were comparatively voluminous. Even as a child she evidenced a literary bent, and began her diary at the age of seven, continuing it almost without interruption to the day of her death. Born in London in 1816, of parents who were descendants of Portuguese Marranos, she was a victim of illness most of her life, and died in Frankfort-am-Main in 1847. Most of her writings dealt with Jewish subjects. One of her chief purposes, discernible in her works, was to equip English Jewesses with arguments against conversionists. She also inveighed against formalism, and laid stress upon knowledge of Jewish history and the Hebrew language.—Editor.*



and softly as the passing breeze of early winter removes the full ripe leaves which fall."

Next the parish church is visited, and after a lengthy description which reveals her sound knowledge of church architecture and history she adds, with the professional touch, "A most interesting locality for a Kentish tale."

The small party returns to Lucy's home, Stone House. Here follows a lengthy description of the old English mansion. Grace is enraptured with everything she sees, from the oaken staircase to some weapons sent home from India by the soldier son.

After the midday dinner visitors arrive, members of Lucy's family. The sister-in-law "already knew and was attracted towards me as the author of the Spirit of Judaism. . . . To be known and loved through my writings has been the yearning and the prayer of my secret heart from the earliest period."

On leaving, the sister-in-law invited Grace to tea, and at her house a merry evening was spent. Talk ranged from the latest operas and singers to the poems of Alfred Tennyson. Her deep enjoyment is evinced when she ends the entry ". . . one of the whitest and most unalloyed days I have known since I left Devonshire," where she had spent seven years of her early life.

Here ends the first part, with the entry for Tuesday, Oct. 10th, as quoted above.

The second period opens at Hampton, Oct., 1844, where the small Aguilar family had gone to spend a holiday. This part is largely taken up with visits to Hampton Court, with lengthy descriptions of the scenery, and the weather, and catalogues of pictures. Here and there Grace Aguilar comes once more before us, a human being. There are daily entries in the journal. Most of the time was spent in sight-seeing.

On the afternoon of Friday 4th, Grace strolled along the bank of the river, a clear still river ". . . its perfect glass-like stillness and clearness was most beautiful, every cloud, every line of the sky, every twig, branch, leaf of the trees were reflected on it more distinctly, more exactly than in the truest mirror. There was not a ripple in the water, not a movement in the trees. In the west the water glowed like living gold, bright, dazzling as the departing luminary itself and passed, but the blue and pink and greyish tints continued."

But a storm followed the glowing beauty of this; another though differ-

ent, vivid weather description leaps before us, "Moaning, melancholy, dirge-like wind and sweeping storm clouds and shifting showers, patches of blue-like islets in the murky black, and sunny glimpses disappearing into sadder darkness. . . . Trees sad and bending unwillingly and sobbingly to the dirge-like wind." In such descriptive passages Grace Aguilar captures that spirit of poetry which we find so sadly lacking in her metrical writings. The entry for Monday 7th finds another vivid description. Returning through Bushey Park from a walk, "the sunset more beautiful than I have seen it since we have been here. The glow round it was literally like *burning gold*—the sky and water all bathed in living fire. At one time the sun shone like a ball of gold between the trees, the next minute had disappeared behind them and shone only in the water, at the next sent forth dazzling rays and in another minute appeared again himself, the glow deepening and spreading the nearer he approached the horizon. Even at six o'clock the water was still dyed with the hues of sunset which lingered in the heaven as if loathe to sink in night. From violet to green, every hue soft, spiritual, pure as the hues of the rainbow."

Wednesday brought with it wind and sleety showers. It brought also much hardship to Mr. Aguilar who suffered from coughs; his illness was the only thing to mar the holiday. This day a visit was paid to Claremont, one of Queen Victoria's residences. Grace was shown over the ten rooms open to visitors by the housekeeper whose personal charm Grace naively put down to her mingling with "the highest aristocracy in the suite of the Queen." The housekeeper proved a chatter box "Many were the notices of her (the Queen's) domestic life this delightful housekeeper gave us." She conducted them over the rooms, through the Princess Charlotte's suite, pointed out a table formed from the collection of pebbles the princess had gathered at Worthing and Bognor (evidently no new resort for royalty) and several portraits, one of Victoria as a child, "our gentle Queen whom I never felt so much inclined to love as when listening to anecdotes of her happy domestic life from the lips of one of her retainers." We read of how Prince Albert rolls down the hilly lawn, one child on either arm, the Queen standing by, watching and laughing.

Descriptions of the rooms follow; tales of Prince Leopold's grief at Charlotte's death, now very old his-

tory. It all appealed to Grace Aguilar's strong sense of romance. The next day, though "less gloom without than within from my dear Father's unfortunate illness," she went in the afternoon to Hampton Court where the Queen with Prince Albert and the Duc de Montpensir were in the state-rooms. The grounds were closed to the public.

Grace waited to catch a glimpse of the Queen on her departure, but a shower of rain prevented the royal party walking in the grounds. The silk curtains of the carriage windows were drawn closely, "it was very vexatious, for the domestic anecdotes I had heard of the Queen yesterday had created the most eager longing to see her." Her traits of character reveal themselves easily: here follow thoughts on this present historic friendship for France and England, and the progress from older times. And again, of the Queen, "When the Queen first came to the throne the feelings with which I looked on her were quite different. I never even sought to see her. But since I have heard of her as a wife and mother, every feeling of loyalty had been awakened."

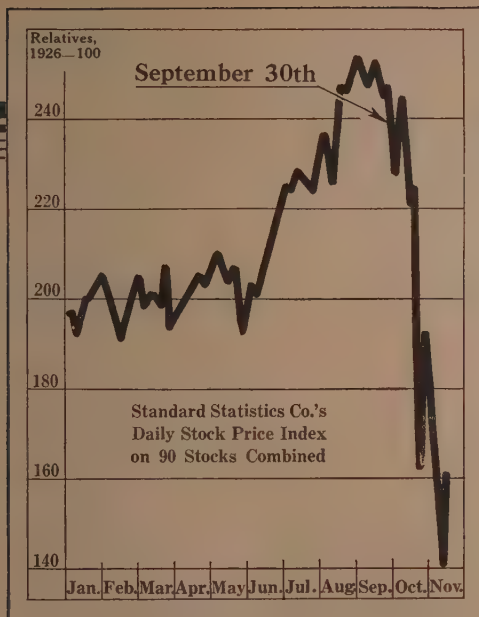
What scents of fragrant Victorian simplicity are wafted to us from these old pages!

Notices of her father's illness now disturb the sweet serenity of the pages; anxiety is clearly revealed. Still she cannot neglect to record new things—the habit of noting them is by now too deeply ingrained. She heard the bird's pure liquid notes on Saturday evening; earlier in the day she had noticed an "immense quantity of birds almost like a cloud," rise from the opposite river-bank.

Sunday came, a quiet day, spent partly visiting Hampton Church. Some paintings had been destroyed, years before "as I had imagined by Cromwell." The reverent spirit of the historian is outraged: "I wonder he allowed the roof to stand."

It rained that evening and all next day. The holiday was drawing to a close. On Tuesday, Oct. 15th, making the most of the short time at her disposal, Grace rushed out after breakfast, walked quickly to the palace, strolled about the grounds among the gay colored flowers until it was time to meet the omnibus. She mentions by name all the little villages passed, and trees lovely in the variegated autumn tints. The omnibus passes over Hammersmith suspension bridge. The diary ends: "The rest of the journey was London, and therefore all of interest had gone."





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# Death of Two Great Jewish Personalities in Belgium

By D. Lehrer



N recent years there has taken place a characteristic change of representatives in all socially active Jewish groups of Belgium. Inexorable death takes from us the leading members of the old Jewish aristocracy, and their places are filled by the younger and more nationally conscious generation. Thus the new Jewish community of Belgium has called forth a different sort of leadership not known heretofore.

When we talk of the new Jewish community, we mean the Jews of Eastern Europe. During the last 40 years they have emigrated from Russia and Poland and come to Belgium, and they constitute the larger Jewish community in this country at the present time.

True, there were Jews in Belgium before this immigration, in the old French and Dutch periods. They were immigrants of western and southern Europe, i. e., Germany, Holland, and Italy. A small number of them were living in this country at the time Belgium gained its independence in 1830, and they are the Jews of the so-called "older" Jewish community. They are also called "Sephardishe Yiddin," and they keep themselves rather aloof from present-day Jewish life, although they do take some part in certain Jewish institutions. Most of them, however, are well known for their conspicuous contributions to the general life of the land, and few of them have been known far beyond the border of tiny Belgium.

\* \* \*

AT present all of Belgium mourns the loss of two famous Jews who died in the midst of their engrossing activities. Their death has made a deep impression because of the sterling worth of their political, economic, and cultural activities. They came of the old aristocracy that is breathing its last in Belgium.

The first to go was the 60-year-old Isabelle Errera, one of the finest types of womanhood in the land. The second was the well-known Jewish leader and financier, Franz Philippson. Both died almost at the same time.

Their death is a tremendous loss to the country. Innumerable sympathetic articles in the Belgium press written by the leading editors of the country have acknowledged this loss.

Isabelle Errera was a remarkable type of a well educated woman. Her husband, who died a year ago, was one of the greatest jurists of Belgium. For a time he was Rector of the University of Brussels. The Errera family has for generations consisted of just such well educated and gifted members. They come of old Italian-Jewish stock, of Rabbinical parentage, that emigrated in the previous century and settled in Belgium. With their great initiative they very soon achieved fame. The Erreras in a short time commanded the great respect of all with whom they came in contact. Their home became a literary salon, where the finest writers and statesmen met. Not only the artists and statesmen of Belgium, but famous visiting Europeans spent many enjoyable hours in the Errera salon. Most of the literary masterpieces of Belgium and of Europe were planned and wrought over there. Many a quiet political conversation in the Errera salon sealed the fate of some country in Europe. And almost all the famous men of today passed through the Errera salon in the heyday of its existence, if they ever spent any time in Belgium.

Paul Errera, the husband of Isabelle Errera, was well known for his scientific works in jurisprudence. He taught literally armies of European lawyers during his life. He was also a participant in many philanthropic activities for the aid of Jews. More than one poor Jewish student was helped by him on the road to a successful career. He died as suddenly as his wife.

Isabelle Errera was a patron of the arts. She helped thousands of writers and painters. She encouraged every talented young person coming under her observation. She herself worked intensively, especially on a history of art from very ancient days to the present. It is a constant wonder how this noble woman found

time amid all her numerous activities to complete so colossal a work as her "History of Art."

We marvel more at her accomplishments when we remember that she was a victim of that terrible scourge—cancer. Knowing much of medicine, she understood only too well what cancer meant. But in her agonies and tortures she never lost courage and continued with more concentration than ever the work on her last book. Mrs. Errera owned one of the finest collections of books, paintings, and antiques (both Jewish and non-Jewish) in the country. Before her death she opened these collections to students, making her palace a museum and a reading room where hundreds found a quiet and comfortable place to study.

She knew exactly the day she was to die. So quietly did she prepare for the summons, that even her dearest friends did not know how sad was her plight. She even sent away her son, a promising young man, so as to save him from witnessing her death.

At the time of her death she was engaged on her "Repertory of Iconography," a work that Solomon Reinach, an important figure in the Jewish artistic world and her warmest friend, cannot praise highly enough. This tremendous work was to be an encyclopedia of names, biblical stories, and mythological episodes that appear on paintings and sculptures from ancient days to the present. To complete such an undertaking, Mrs. Errera spent countless hours searching catalogues in museums the world over. One can easily see the tremendous value of such a work to students. Knowing her days were numbered, she hurried this work along. Only the material under the letter A was completed. In 500 pages it was published three weeks before her death. Suffering unbearably, propped up in bed with a pen in her hand, she feverishly wrote on. Toward the end of B the

(Continued on Page 115)





# MAN BEATS THE SILKWORM at its own game

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# And There Was Light Verse!

By Will Goodman



IGHT verse as a form of literature has come into its own of recent years mainly because a number of able writers devoted themselves to it. Poetasters of various sorts were wont to scoff at this form of writing as being particularly simple and useless—a type of literature, if one might dare to use this lofty word for it, dependent for its effects upon tricks or verbiage.

It is strange that many people should have looked with distaste or at best, condescension upon this form of poetry, for it has a classical background. Horace wrote to his Lydia, and Phyrria, and Cynara, and Leuconoe, in verse which was nothing if not light, and also nothing if not, obviously, classical. Catullus and Petronius, too, were worthy forerunners, and in more modern times there was Alexander Pope, who would far rather turn a noxious epigram upon a foe than pen an immortal simile, and, chiefly, Austin Dobson, who should be called the father of English light verse, and who was perhaps the first to import the tricky French verse forms which are the delight of the modern light versifier.

It was William Schwenk Gilbert, the originator of the Bab Ballads and the co-originator of the Savoy operas, who set the standard for modern light verse—that standard which awes modern writers and is the bane of their existence. For Gilbert was a magical person who made a delicious stew out of wit, irony, intelligence, culture, and a gift of trenchant language. There was both rhyme and reason in his verse—and what rhyme, and what reason, fluctuating between sheer, frothy nonsense and scintillating biting satire!

In America today there are a number of brilliant writers who, in the Gilbertian phrase, make us more than merry with their tidbits of verse. Not a few of them are Jewish.

First place among light verse writers in America goes to that lady cavalier, Dorothy Parker, and not for chivalric reasons alone. Indeed this proponent of masculine femininity, or feminine masculinity, would scoff at chivalry. She also scoffs at men, at women, at love, at convention, at life, at sorrow, at whatever deserves to be scoffed at. All antiquated notions are felled beneath the powerful bludgeon

of her wit. She lives and flourishes under the double standard of humor and poetry. Her verse may be light but it crushes whatever obsolescent ideas it attacks. She possesses that rare thing in woman, cynicism, but she is not bitter. Her head is bloody, but unbowed; her shoulders shrug but do not stoop. She pricks the foibles of her time with tiny barbs of irony. Away with false optimism, false ideals, false beliefs! Away with them, but neither with sorrow nor with anger—but with a smile on one's face and a wisecrack on one's lips.

*"O life is a glorious cycle of song,  
A medley of extemporanea,  
And love is a thing which can never  
go wrong,  
And I am Marie of Roumania."*

O life is a glorious cycle of falsehoods which must be exposed, and love is a thing which often, nay, always, goes wrong, but one must laugh at it and kick it in the face. Candles which burn at both ends give a brighter light than when one burns the midnight oil, and if a blond boy leaves one on Thursday there will be a dark boy on Friday, and whistling in the dark makes lovely music. Porcupines are fortified against life, but who wants a porcupine? Maidens wait at the gate their true love gave them, but the pun is mightier than the sword.

That is Dorothy Parker. She is truly the hard-boiled virgin, with a mind as keen as a blade and a wit as fresh as the morning dew. In addition, she has that vague thing called poetic imagination and a sensitive feeling for language and word-nuance which make her not only a great writer of light verse but also one of the finest poets in America today.

She writes:

*"In youth it was a way I had  
To do my best to please,  
And change with every passing lad  
To suit his theories."*

*"But now I know the things I know,  
And do the things I do,  
And if you do not like me so,  
To hell, my love, with you."*

This is typical Dorothy Parker, singing of love with a chip on her shoulder. But she has also written lyrics as tender and lovely as the dawn. She stands, as a poet, side by side with Edna St. Vincent Millay and A. E. Housman.

Dorothy Parker's verse for a number of years has brightened up *Life*, and *The New Yorker*, and F. P. A.'s Conning Tower in the New York *World*. She has published two exquisite volumes of verse, *Enough Rope* and *Sunset Gun*, and has written excellent prose and book reviews for *The New Yorker*. Like so many others she was signed to write for the moving pictures, but for a number of months she has been in Hollywood wondering just what she is supposed to do. In fact, the only work she has done in the capitol of the cinema to earn her salary, has been to write a song lyric for one picture, called "How Am I To Know?" based, she says, on the answer she inevitably received from executives when she asked what her job was.

Franklin Pierce Adams, better known as F. P. A., is the dean of all writers of light verse. He began writing his provocative verse an abnormally long time ago and he still turns out piercing and amusing verses with regularity. He was the star contributor for B. L. T.'s column, "A Line O' Type or Two," and early conducted a column of his own on the Chicago *Journal*. He was not destined, however, to waste his verses on the Chicago air, but soon came to New York, where he conducted a column for the *Mail*, then for the *Tribune*, and now for a number of years he has conducted The Conning Tower for the *World* and has made it the most famous and most quoted column in the country. He has published a number of books of verse and has edited two editions of "The Conning Tower Book."

There has never been a better technician than F. P. A. writing verse. It was Austin Dobson who introduced the French forms into English verse; it has been F. P. A. who popularized them. Ballades, rondeaus, triolets, and rondels are so common today that very few readers realize that at one time poets were actually afraid to attempt these difficult forms. F. P. A. is a master of rhyme. His rhymings are so adroit that they beg comparison only with the facile rhymes of Gilbert.

Gazing out from his conning tower F. P. A. mocks good-humoredly at the foibles and affectations of everyday life. His forte is the anti-climactic poem which seems to lead to a certain conclusion and then lets one down abruptly with an ingenious *tour de force*. It is difficult to choose a poem



of his to quote for fear of doing an injustice to so many other of his brilliant verses which ought to be quoted. I pick one at random:

*'How narrow his vision, how cribbed and confined!*

*How prejudiced all of his views!*  
*How hard is the shell of his bigoted mind!*

*How difficult he to excuse!*

*'His face should be slapped and his head should be banded;*

*A person like that ought to die!*  
*I want to be fair, but a man should be hanged*

*Who's any less liberal than I?"*

Louis Untermeyer, besides writing excellent serious verse and compiling innumerable anthologies, is one of the finest parodists in the country. Indeed, his very first volume of verse, "The Younger Quire," was a burlesque of another volume of poetry current at the time. His best known books are "And Other Poets," and "Including Horace." In the latter book, Untermeyer has brilliantly parodied some two dozen poets. He has taken the *Integer Vitae* ode of Horace and shown how Herrick, Byron, Sandburg, and many others, might have written it. His skill as a parodist lies in his ability to imitate not only the superficial versification of a writer but also his line of thinking. Untermeyer, too, is a master of rhyme and delights in tossing off nonchalantly the most difficult of verse-forms.

Arthur Guiterman is another old hand at light verse who was probably born with a trisyllabic rhyme in his mouth. He, too, is an inveterate parodist. He is a keen observer of human affectations and he assails them mercilessly. Many of his twoline "Chips of Jade" are very provocative. Here is a keen one:

*'The Starveling Cat maintains the Firm Belief*  
*That every Well-fed Cat must be a Thief!"*

Guiterman is never broadly funny, preferring subtlety to burlesque. His is a sensitive soul scoffing at its own sensitiveness. He writes with admirable restraint and with a surety of touch that stamps him as one of the major artists in his milieu.

Newman Levy is a humorist whose humor often runs away with him. He strives consciously for the loud laugh. Though in the main he laughs at what is funny in contemporary civilization—the radio, the comic supplements, prize-fighting—he is at times moved by the humor of a rhyme or a name.

When he gives the character in one of his poems the name of Marmarduke Claude Montmorency McGurk, he should bow politely to the author of Bab Ballads. Levy has poked delicious fun at politics. I cannot resist the temptation to quote:

*"If you'd seek exalted station in our great and glorious nation,*

*If, to put it in a word, you want to rise,*

*On all problems big and little, you had best be non-committal;*

*You'll avoid all mooted questions if you're wise.*

*If you're dignified and stately and deport yourself sedately,*

*Utter platitudes in deep sonorous speech,*

*If you'll hark to Uncle Warren and avoid all questions foreign,*

*There's no limit to the heights which you will reach."*

Samuel Hoffenstein is everywhere regarded as one of the finest of light verse writers. Although his book, "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing" was only printed about two years ago, he has had his reputation for a long time, mainly because of his frequent contributions to The Conning Tower. Like most great writers of light verse, Hoffenstein is bitter and sensitive, but he masks his bitterness and sensitiveness behind a happy-go-lucky flippancy. To utter a banality, there is a sigh behind each one of his laughs. He looks out upon the world and sees that virtue is rewarded with kicks and buffets, that patience doesn't do anybody an iota of good, that diligence, and honesty, and love, are either fakes or useless. And he smiles bitterly and hilariously. When he writes:

*"Lovely lady, who does so*  
*All my waking hours haunt:*  
*Tell me, lady, do you know*  
*What the hell you want?"*

we can perceive a sensitive soul masking itself with a veil of cynicism. Be that as it may, Hoffenstein has brightened up this world with his brilliant verses.

*Life, Judge, The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, are enlivened weekly by the gay verse of Arthur Lippman, Baron Ireland, Bertram Bloch, Morris Bishop, Morris Gilbert, Tupper Greenwald, and Emanuel Eisenberg, clever fellows all of them. Then there are D'Annunzio Cohen, Albert Silverman, and Martha Wilchinski, who brighten up F. P. A.'s column of a dull morning. Some one once irreverently characterized light verse as the raving of poor poets. If that be so, long may they rave!

## DEATH OF TWO GREAT JEWISH PERSONALITIES IN BELGIUM

(Continued from Page 112)

pen dropped from her nerveless fingers, her eyes closed forever. The encyclopedia was never completed.

At her funeral there were hosts of mourners representing the government, the king's court, the political and cultural world in addition to the many, many Jewish mourners.

\* \* \*

A SHORT time later the citizens of Brussels witnessed another simple yet soul-stirring funeral procession on the noisy streets of the city. The mourners were mostly government representatives in their robes of office. Every passerby, on hearing the name of the deceased, immediately followed in the wake of the funeral cortege, for everyone in Belgium had heard of the name Philippson in the last few years. The Jewish world had long sung the praises of this great worker in its behalf. All knew of his services in the Jewish Colonization Association and of his philanthropic activities among the Jews.

Hundreds of poor Jewish students mourn his death. These students mourn for the man who made it possible for them to complete their university careers by providing timely aid and giving fatherly advice. His work, however, was wider, and all Belgium mourns his loss. Philippson was one of the greatest financiers of the country. In the days of the 1926 inflation period when the Belgian franc fell in value constantly, he, in company with other bankers, stabilized the currency. In so doing, he and they saved Belgium from an economic catastrophe. In those days the name of Philippson was on everyone's lips.

Philippson was of German-Jewish ancestry. When very young he came to Belgium and immediately entered business. Because of his energy, he achieved a place in the financial world. He developed a genius for finance and in a short time became one of the best known financiers of Belgium.

Philippson, however, interested himself in more than just business. He was President of the Belgian Academy of Art. He spent much of his time and money for the sake of the Jewish community of Belgium. He was interested in every Jewish movement, helping generously everywhere. He was president of the Jewish community of Brussels. He was also a significant political figure and he used his political power to make safer Jewish life in Belgium today.





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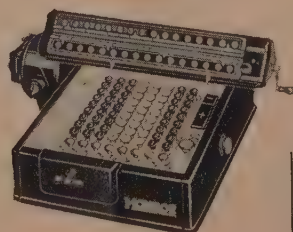
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# Leonid Andreyev and the Jewish Question

By Leon Spitz

**I**N HIS "Celebrities of Our Time" Herman Bernstein places Andreyev on a par with Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and Maxim Gorky. And Andreyev may be linked also with that triumvirate of Russia's literary masters by virtue of his liberal attitude toward the Russian Jew and his interest in Hebraic culture. Bernstein has constituted himself Andreyev's interpreter to America and has translated his dramas of Jewish interest from the Russian into English.

## Champions the Jews

Before considering the distinguished artist's Hebraic symbolistic plays, *Anathema* and *Samson in Chains* it is in order to indicate his place among Russia's champions of Jewish rights and also to analyze his view of the so-called Jewish question in the Russia that was. It is a view which appeals to the intellect rather than to the heart, a deep and far reaching, an intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the problem, in a fashion peculiarly his own.

In the interview which he granted to his American Jewish friend, Andreyev revealed his manner of approach to the problem. He alludes in the course of his remarks to his famous work, *"The Seven Who Were Hanged"* as follows: "The Jewish massacres and famine; a parliament and executions; village and the greatest heroism; the Black Hundred and Leo Tolstoy. What a mixture of figures and conceptions, what a fruitful source for all kinds of misunderstandings: The truth of life stands aghast in silence and its crazed falsehood is loudly shouting, uttering, pressing, painful questions. With whom shall I sympathize? Whom shall I trust? Whom shall I love? In the story of *'The Seven Who Were Hanged'* I attempted to give a sincere and unprejudiced answer to some of those questions."

"Andreyev regarded the Jewish problem as primarily a Russian problem. It is one of the chief burdens, not the chief burden which has been crushing the Russian nation." This is the interpretation offered to the

American public by the well known critic, William English Walling, in his preface to the English rendition of *"The Shield,"* a volume which was edited on the eve of the Great War jointly by Maxim Gorky, Leonid Andreyev and Fyodor Sologub and published under the auspices of the Russian Society for the Study of Jewish Life.

Andreyev made two contributions to the volume and in the first of these, an essay entitled, *"The First Step,"* he gives his conception of the Jewish question in Russia. It is a most interesting fact to record that he prefaced his essay with a stanza from Bialik's poetry.

Andreyev refused to credit an interview which was published in an influential contemporary Polish newspaper announcing on behalf of a powerful Czarist official the contemplated abolition of the *Pale of settlement*, of the norm in the schools and universities, the reorganization of Jewish emigration, and the support of Jewish cultural institutions by the Government. "My soul is weary with waiting and repeating together with the great Jewish poet, 'How long, how long, how long?'" wrote he in his essay.

## Calls Anti-Semitism a Disgrace

"The Jewish question," he continued, "is the immemorial and darkest of disgraces. For if to the Jews themselves, the *Pale*, the *norm*, etc., were ever fatal and impregnable facts which devoured their entire life, they were also for me something in the nature of a hump on my back; it (the Anti-Jewish discrimination) fills me with feelings of confusion and shame. Who needs it? Whom does it benefit?"

"It is ridiculous and utterly odd to think that the 'barbarism' of which our enemies accuse us, is based wholly and exclusively on our Jewish question and its bloody excesses. It is enough to put side by side the words Russia and Jews, and I become at once a 'barbarian,' and even the German Anti-Semite, a stupid and dull creature, looks down at me and warns England, 'See with whom you are

friends? Are they not the same people who . . . ?'"

Andreyev thus voiced so simply yet tellingly the shame of the Russian intelligentsia over the Czarist Anti-Semite policy, and then he launched forth into a vehement and singular tirade of shame and regret at the situation which he could not help but which nevertheless pained him and his fellow liberals so much. "Are we not ourselves the Jews of Europe? and is not our frontier the same *Pale of settlement*, something in the nature of a Russian Ghetto? And try as our Pushkin and Dostoyevsky and your Bialik may to prove that we too are human beings—people do not believe us; here is the punishment by which impartial life takes revenge on the Russian for the Jews' suffering.

"We must all understand that the end of Jewish suffering is the beginning of our self respect," he says and then goes on to tell of a talented Jewish friend, an author who refused to accede to write in Russian because that language contains the slurring cognomen for Jew, *Szid*. All this, it must be granted, is a novel, original, and most interesting view—liberal, intelligent, genuine—the view of a truly civilized, truly intellectual, truly liberal gentleman—and his words were respected by the reading public of Russia.

Andreyev manifests his sympathetic understanding of the harassed nature of the Jew again in his war-time story *"The Wounded Soldier,"* which also appeared in the same volume. On a visit to a field hospital, he saw a young Jewish soldier who was awaiting his turn to have his wounds dressed. There was something sinister about the Jew's paleness, the paleness of the utterly exhausted, anemic or fatally sick man—an expression of peculiar timidity. And Andreyev reflects, "And when his wound will be dressed and he will be put into bed, he will also try not to moan. For what right has he to moan aloud?"

## Found Inspiration in Jews

It is no wonder therefore that Andreyev sought and found the stuff of idealism in his Jewish characters, even



in the ordinary, small town, middle class, petty trader Jew—, and that he built his symbolistic dramatic masterpiece "Anathema" around this type of Russian Jew.

"Anathema" is a piece of symbolism. In it the poet paid his tribute to the Jews by selecting a Jew as the chief character. Andreyev is a searcher for mystic truth. He presents a phantasy, adapted from Goethe's "Faust," in nine scenes which unravel the spiritual career of a poor and quite ordinary Jew, David Leizer, a denizen of a large South Russian city. Anathema, the impersonation of Satan, seeks to prove the utter futility of life. He endows this David Leizer with a heritage of millions. The entire status of this man's life is thereby changed; but this does not bring him happiness. His son wastes his strength in the quest of a gay life; his daughter, who is totally out of sympathy with her father's idealism, runs away from home; David distributes his wealth among the paupers, even the last three hundred dollars which he had put away for a trip to Palestine; and his wife is reduced to her former state of a market vendor. But the paupers demand more and more from him whose wealth, they imagined, was inexhaustible; they demand miracles from him whose goodness made him a saint in their eyes; they bring to him corpses and demand that he bring them back to life. The populace pursue him in his flight and stone him to death. But David, we sense, rather than actually learn, has acquired immortality, and Satan returns to the Beyond, defeated in his purpose.

Job the Jew rather than Faust, the Aryan, is the prototype of this hero and Andreyev, it must be confessed, has grasped well the biblical motif as it has worked itself out in martyred Israel of the goluth, Israel bereft of his children, Israel giving to the world most precious gifts, Israel hounded by his very beneficiaries and yet martyred Israel attaining deathlessness in triumph of the spirit.

#### The True Liberal

We go a step further with Andreyev and encounter in him the true liberal—who with his revolutionary zeal could yet attune his spirit to the discipline of the Hebrew Bible. Gorki had paid his respects to Jewish thought, Tolstoi in his closing years had become almost completely immersed into the Bible, and Andreyev, the rebel, replies to a correspondent, "Yes, that is the best teacher of all,

the Bible." In this he appears to be just as faithfully representative of his generation, as was Rushkin's one time indifference to the Scriptures characteristic of his age.

It is to the Bible that Leonid Andreyev turned for inspiration for his play, "Samson in Chains," his spirit being troubled by the cruelty and waste of war. In this biblical character he sought for an understanding of the commingling of brute force and human idealism which we encounter in mankind. It was a posthumously published work, and a work which the author held very dear. In January, 1915, he had written about it as follows: "In time and thought it is an exalted work—a tragedy large both in scope and in inner significance, colorful, broad, like 'Anathema,' a tragedy of experience." He really despaired of ever securing a producer. He wrote, "How can a theater produce it? Who will go to see it? Where would they find the necessary strength ever to fell Samson?" And he added bitterly, "if it were just a spicy sex problem . . . but this is God, Sinai—But Samson will come . . ."

#### A Great War Drama

It is truly a powerful piece, a great war drama. Samson is revealed as the blinded slave in a Philistine pit, grovelling in the slime, almost broken in spirit. His huge body lusts for carnal satisfaction and his soul wanders. The Philistines are still in awe of him and the Judeans curse him for his failure which was occasioned by his unholy passion for the courtesan, Delilah. Now, Delilah's brothers conspiring for power enlist the mighty Jewish slave's service by offers of gold and the love of their shameless but enchanting sister. They seek to grasp the essence of his strange power that inspires them with such awe, and to the last Samson retains his mysterious hold on his philistine enemies.

The Judeans he hates because they practically betrayed him in the hour of crisis to the enemy who has so befouled and hurt him. His former Judean sweetheart seeks to rouse in him, without success, a sense of loyalty to his people and to his God. It is his mother who at last touches his heart, and he breaks down, sobbing like a baby, promising her to remain loyal to the last.

It all revolves itself about the meaning of the prophetic in man. The reproach against him is "You have given away God's strength to the women dancers, or is a prophet also a harlot,

and do the chosen ones of God also sell themselves in the market place like sheep? What answer will you give to your God?"

He cries out: "Who has chosen me? I did not wish it, I did not ask for it."

And then comes to him the answer, "Does God ask his chosen ones?"

The caged lion is yet—with all his brute instincts—conscious of his prophetic mission, and when he realizes that he has failed as the prophet, he dies in a mighty demonstration of the power of God. The utter wastefulness, the hopelessness, the certain ruin that must inevitably follow deluded spiritual force let alone, such as war, with all its apparent heroism and idealism and patriotism, is powerfully revealed by Andreyev.

In the biblical episode, and in the biblical character, the great Russian dramatist has found the stuff wherewith to give form to his tremendous object lesson to humanity.

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# In the Public Eye

## Harry Bear

THE first alumnus of the dental school of the Medical College of Virginia to be named dean of that department is Dr. Harry Bear, of Richmond, Va. He is a former President of Rimmon Lodge, I. O. B. B., of that city.

Dr. Bear, a native of Richmond, and a graduate of the Medical College of Virginia, has been President of the Richmond Dental Society, and both Secretary and President of the Virginia State Dental Association. He was also one of the three Vice Presidents of the American Dental Association, and is now President-elect of the American Society of Oral Surgeons and Exodontists. At a recent meeting of the last named organization the fellowship of the American College of Dentists was conferred upon him.

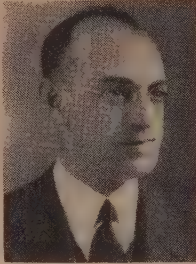
In addition to his duties as dean, Dr. Bear will continue in his present post as head of the Department of Exodontia and the Principles of Practice.

\* \* \*

## Michael Aaronson

RABBI MICHAEL AARONSON has created an epic that will live long in the history of American Jewry. It is not an epic of literature; it is an epic of his own life.

When the United States entered the war, Michael Aaronson was one of those Hebrew Union College students who, though exempt because of their studies, enlisted in the army. Although he lost his sight in the front-line trenches in France, he returned to this country to resume his studies at the Hebrew Union College, and was ordained a Rabbi in 1923. He was at once made Field Representative of the Union of American Hebrew



Harry Bear

Congregations, and in that capacity has traveled 100,000 miles in the last six years.

His three aims have been "to inspire people with a high concept of faith and courage; to enlighten the public regarding the history and religion of the Jew; and to strengthen the ideals of the Jew." To accomplish these purposes he has visited hundreds of cities and towns; has organized Jewish student groups in high schools and universities; has visited hospitals, asylums, and prisons; and addressed clubs and other bodies.

Born and reared in Baltimore, Rabbi Aaronson lives in Cincinnati, where he is Chaplain of the local American Legion post. For six years he was National Chaplain of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War; he declined the offer of a life tenure of that office.

\* \* \*

## Maurice B. Hexter

MAURICE B. HEXTER'S service in Jewish social welfare work, his investigation of immigration possibilities in Mexico, his studies of conditions in Europe as the representative of the Joint Distribution Committee, and as Secretary of the Joint Palestine Survey Commission, were proudly reviewed by many prominent speakers at a dinner in Boston last month to honor Mr. Hexter on the eve of his departure for Europe, to assume his duties in connection with the Jewish Agency for Palestine. Mr. Hexter recently resigned from the post of Executive Director of the Federated Jewish Charities of Boston to enter his new work.

Born in Cincinnati in 1891, Mr. Hexter graduated from the University of Cincinnati and later obtained his Ph.D. degree at Harvard and was appointed instructor in the Department of Social Ethics at that institution. Later he was Superintendent of Jewish Charities in Cincinnati and Milwaukee.



Maurice B. Hexter

## Harry E. Burroughs

BECAUSE of the imagination as well as the generosity of Harry E. Burroughs, a Boston attorney, the newsboys of that city have a splendid clubhouse, recently dedicated. Mr. Burroughs himself is a former newsboy.



Harry E. Burroughs

He knows well the problems of the lads who hawk papers about the streets for a living, and he knows the evil paths constantly open before them unless good influences are brought to bear. So in the clubhouse he donated for them, which is operated by a \$100,000 foundation he donated, the boys are able to live in beautiful surroundings, with all their leisure hours filled with clean, personally valuable activities and pleasures. The total cost to Mr. Burroughs has been in the neighborhood of \$300,000, but he considers the money well spent. Literally thousands of boys are thus given a good start in life. Mr. Burroughs himself came to this country from Russia at the age of 12, an orphan without friends.

\* \* \*

## Franklin S. Harris

A MILLION-DOLLAR campaign to supply Jewish colonists in Biro-Bidjan with farm implements is now being held by the Icor organization as the result of a report by an Expert Commission which has just returned to New York after a thorough investigation of agricultural possibilities of the new colony under the auspices of Icor. Dr. Franklin S. Harris, President of Brigham Young University, headed the Commission.

Dr. Harris was born in Utah in 1884, and graduated from Brigham Young University. He also holds degrees from the Utah Agricultural College, and Cornell University, and he studied in Europe and the Orient. His long and honorable career in the field of education was crowned in 1921 when he became President of his Alma Mater.



Franklin S. Harris



Michael Aaronson



# "Born a Jew"

*The Autobiography of Boris D. Bogen, late  
Secretary of the Independent Order B'nai B'rith.*



Written in collaboration with Alfred  
Segal, associate editor, B'nai  
B'rith Magazine.

This book was completed three weeks before the death of Dr. Bogen  
and will shortly go to the publishers.

It is the vivid story of a colorful life that began in Moscow and in its last  
years returned to Moscow with new life for a Jewry that lay prostrate.



The plan is to make this book a memorial to which  
every member of the B'nai B'rith may contribute. It  
may be truly said that Dr. Bogen gave his health to  
his devotion for B'nai B'rith; he gave it all the energies  
of his last years.

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# THE PRINTED PAGE



**WHAT HAPPENED AND WHY**  
**What Happened in Palestine**, by Maurice Samuel (Stratford) \$2.  
**Palestine, Today and Tomorrow**, by John Haynes Holmes (Macmillan) \$2.50.

**P**ASSIONATE and passionless writers have both risen to point the finger of ultimate guilt at England for the crime perpetrated by Arabs against Jews in Palestine last August and September. The Rev. John Haynes Holmes, minister of Community Church, New York, who was in the country before the riots, has written a book which, without a direct allusion to any of the events referred to (except in two or three footnotes, for more than the first half of the book was written before August, 1929) nevertheless gives a first hand picture of the country, the types of its people, the inherent causes of friction between the Jews and the Arabs and the English, then suggests what to him is the most likely remedy. Maurice Samuel, popular Jewish writer, who was active in the "war" itself, after repeatedly promising to avoid journalistic detail in his book, plunges headlong into quotations from one newspaper after another, and writes journalism, albeit good journalism, anent his own experiences. But it is left to Dr. Holmes, a Gentile, to be the author of the best and most clarifying work on the subject to date. His book is indispensable to an intelligent unprejudiced understanding of Mr. Samuel's subject.

"England . . . with her alien rule and her alien imperial interests, must sooner or later become the focal point of opposition to all the inhabitants of Palestine," writes Dr. Holmes. "The English administration is not friendly. Why should it be, when it does not believe in the Zionist adventure, nor even understand it?"

Mr. Samuel uses stronger language with less effect. He practically accuses the Palestine administration in so many words of connivance with the Arabs. That, and reportorial accounts of raids, compose his book. But Dr. Holmes successfully presents all three sides, the Jewish, Arab, and English. With rare understanding he vividly dissects facts and analyzes observations, and presents a compelling exposition of the Zionist's hopes and ideals and tremendous difficulties, the meaning of a Homeland to Jews of all

the world, and the promise of the experiment up to 1929. With no less understanding he expounds the Arab's case, and it is foolproof, too. He reveals the system of Arab absentee ownership of land. He evaluates justly the immeasurable good, cultural and material, accomplished in Palestine by the Jews for the Arabs, and speaks hopefully of the cordial relations existing between the great masses of both peoples—a cordiality ruthlessly shattered by a few Arab leaders with nationalist passions. And relentlessly he wields his literary scalpel to lay bare the ghastly conclusion that English policy, English officials, and English imperialism, have been really responsible for the present-day lack of amity in Palestine. EDWARD E. GRUSD.

\* \* \*

## UGLINESS

**Chains**, by Joseph Delmont (Dial Press) \$2.50.

**T**WO tides of ugliness flow through 354 pages of print, and one is hard put to it to determine which is the uglier. The first is the bestial persecution of the downtrodden Jews in the Russia of pre-war days; the other is the Jew's inhumanity to Jew in the same location.

The story—a young Jewish student's horrible experiences in a Siberian prison, the nightmarish tortures of his wife and family at home by the military authorities, and the final breaking through of the sun—serves the author as a pretext for writing some of the most ghastly and fiendish scenes of pain, torture, rapine, murder, and insanity in literature. No less cheerful is the unrelenting hard-heartedness of ghetto Orthodox Jews who desert even the lowest standards of humanity in the implacability of their ritualistic convictions. But interwoven through the blood and tears and cruelty are passionate passages wherein the author, through various characters, delivers himself of a few choice liberal convictions anent the narrow-mindedness of ghetto Jews in this novel.

"You arouse the hatred of the world and so deserve it," cries the student Haschel to the fanatical Rabbi and to his equally fanatical parents after they have caused him and his wife untold sufferings by their lies and inhumanity. "In your Ghettoes you know only hate and ill-will. You have mixed religion up with everything. Religion and money have become inseparable in your minds, and anything that does not fall in with your antediluvian notions you persecute and scoff at. We shall always remain a foreign body among the mass of mankind, and the fault lies with the fanatical spirit of the Eastern Jews. Teach the true and pure Jewish religion, which has nothing to do with your outlandish views! . . . Thank God the dawn of a new era is breaking, which will soon put an end to these worn-out superstitions!"

"Chains," while not written with any approach to consummate artistry (or is it the translator's fault?) is nevertheless an interesting novel which presents a flesh-creeping but incisive picture of a phase of Jewish life in the Ghettoes of a veritable hell.

E. E. G.

\* \* \*

## BETTER THAN FICTION

**Childhood in Exile**, by Shmarya Levin (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

"**C**HILDHOOD in Exile" is not just another volume of Ghetto reminiscences, ponderously written and gracelessly translated for the edification of American-born readers. Here the book is the man and the man is the book; "Childhood in Exile" is a truly great work because it is the story of and by a truly great and rare soul in Israel.

The narrative reaches from the author's earliest youth, with a fascinating account of his distinguished ancestry, to the proud day of his bar-mitzvah. Between lie the Cheder years; Levin does not see them through a golden and softening haze of memory. He writes bitterly enough of the cruel oppression which at times actually crushed the very spirit of these "little men," for these Ghetto boys were never children in our sense of the word. It was truly a childhood spent in exile, despite comfortable and loving home surroundings; one wonders how even a blithe and healthy soul like Levine's escaped unscathed.



Although free from the exaggerations and over-coloring of the popular "fictional biography" of our day, Levin's story is both vivid and arresting. Incidents and pictures, scattered through the pages, might have been torn not from a sober, true account, but a well-wrought novel of Jewish life before the World War. As so often happens, the sincerity and vigor of life reads with more charm than the arts and devices of fiction.

The translation, which is the work of Maurice Samuel, leaves nothing to be desired, and is distinguished by verity and charm.

ELMA EHRLICH LEVINGER.

\* \* \*

### PROPHETIC SOUL

**The Boy Prophet**, by Edmund Fleg (Dutton) \$2.

EDMUND FLEG is already known to many American Jews by the "Jewish Anthology," "Moses," and "Why I am a Jew." Now "The Boy Prophet" presents the problem of the last named polemic in fictional guise. It is the story, beautifully and simply told, of a French lad who grows up among completely deJudaized surroundings. He has the face the Old Masters might have copied for an infant prophet's; he has also the soul of a young prophet, yearning, seeking, suffering. He knows little of Judaism, and what he learns at first repels rather than attracts him; he is drawn to Catholicism because of its sensuous beauty—and the kindliness of a little Catholic playmate!—but is too rationalistic to find comfort in that mystic creed. In his studies, in his activities with the Boy Scouts, he tries to forget the questions that torment him. But he cannot, for the prophet soul must ponder and debate and suffer.

The story is at once typical of Jewish life in France today, and universal. Every child is sadly bewildered as life rushes out too swiftly to meet him; the Jewish child, living in an alien world, discovers more questions and finds them harder to answer. For the Child Prophet as for Fleg himself (so he tells us in "Why I am a Jew") the long and heroic story of his people and the new hope which is Zion came as an answer. Not a complete one; for the two books end on a note of questioning, though both are rich in hope. Both are provocative to all thoughtful Jews, faced with many of the same doubts and the same questionings. No one who is really interested in Jewish life and Jewish thought can afford to miss this sincere and thoughtful work. E. E. L.

### A NEW FIELD

**Rashi on the Pentateuch—Genesis**, by James H. Lowe (Hebrew Compensium Publishing Co., London).

MR. LOWE is pioneering in a new field with this very bold and useful attempt to put the commentary of Rashi into English. The book is primarily intended for biblical students who desire to master the greatest of all Jewish commentaries. Hence the words of Rashi are reprinted in the square character as more familiar than the traditional "Rashi-script," with an exact English translation and as few words of amplification as possible by the translator and editor.

For advanced students in Hebrew schools the work is a convenient translation; for college students in Semitics, whether Jews or Christians, it is an invaluable introduction to rabbinic literature in its easiest and simplest guise. Unfortunately, the book is not suited to the layman, on account of its rapid alternation of Hebrew and English, phrase by phrase, which makes it practically impossible to read unless one studies it thoroughly as one goes along.

Rashi is still unknown territory to non-Jews as well as to all Jews without a fairly complete rabbinic training. This should not be the case, for his insight into Scripture, his mastery of the Hebrew tongue and of rabbinic tradition, his charm of personality, were a precious heritage of every Jewish student for nine centuries. Perhaps a carefully selected group of excerpts, printed with the text of the English Bible, may some day carry over this unique Jewish genius into the education of English-speaking Jewry.

LEE J. LEVINGER.

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### JEWISH ETHICS

**The Foundations of Jewish Ethics**, by Armin H. Koller (Macmillan) \$2.50.

THIS is the first volume in a new popular series, designed by the Union of German Jews to present the sources of Jewish thought in a systematic and simple form. The attempt is eminently successful. The Jewish viewpoint on ethical problems is divided into various special topics, and each of these is given a brief introduction, followed by extracts from Bible, apocrypha, rabbinic, and modern Jewish writings, with a final section by non-Jews on the same topic.

The book is thus an introduction to the great historic sources of Jewish thought, and at the same time a guide to the study of Jewish ethics. The selection and order of topics follows Jewish tradition rather than the

custom of university classes in ethics which, of course, is true to the original material. The citations are chiefly from German works, but the excellent bibliographies for each chapter add works in English as well.

The chief weakness of the work as a whole is its obstinate attempt to unify the entire sweep of Jewish thought, ancient, medieval, and modern, into one unified point of view. This leads to contradictions and obvious apologetics on such subjects as freedom of the will and mysticism. It would seem to this reviewer more reasonable to admit the existence in Jewish history of opposite and contradictory strains of thought, merely pointing out which was normative and how both of them arose from the same Biblical background.

It would also be desirable to have a companion volume giving the application of Jewish ethics to modern problems. The scheme of the editors does not seem to include this.

The entire project for the series, however, is most inviting, and judging by the first volume will be useful to every student of Jewish life and thought.

L. J. L.

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### A LAUDABLE ATTEMPT

**Pentateuch and Haftorahs; Genesis**, by J. H. Hertz (Oxford University Press) \$3.

CHIEF RABBI HERTZ of England is adding a most valuable work to the small store of modern Jewish studies of the Bible. Ironically enough, in modern times Christians have been the most original students of the Bible.

Hence the attempt to revive a Jewish biblical scholarship is most laudable. In this particular case, the effort is not to add to the sum of knowledge, but rather to bring the results of biblical study, Jewish and modern, to the English reader of the Bible. The present volume contains the book of Genesis in Hebrew and English, together with footnotes on difficult portions of the text, and longer notes on important passages. The book is beautifully printed and is a real joy to read.

L. J. L.

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### BOOKS IN BRIEF

**The Maurizius Case**, by Jacob Wasserman (Horace Liveright; \$3) is one of the great Jewish novelist's best works, a beautiful, thoughtful, provocative, and absorbing novel which is in effect an inquiry into the essential nature of justice and injustice.—E. E. G.



# NEWS OF THE LODGES



**MAURICE BLOCH**, Past President of District Grand Lodge No. 1, died at Roosevelt Hospital, New York City, on Thursday, December 5, following an operation for appendicitis a week before.

Mr. Bloch was 38 years old at the time of his death. His career was remarkable. He was educated in the



*Maurice Bloch*

College of the City of New York and in the New York University Law School. Soon after his graduation as a lawyer he entered public life. In 1915 at the age of 24 he was elected to the New York Assembly and served as an Assemblyman continuously ever since. His ability and affability at once attracted attention to him, and since 1924 he was Minority Leader. His influence in the New York Assembly was very great. He was of the Judiciary Committee which in 1920 investigated the Socialist members of that body and was one of the Committee who refused to oust the men on trial. Likewise he had a prominent part in every important proceeding in the Assembly from the beginning of his membership therein. He was the close confidential friend of former Governor Alfred E. Smith, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, Lieutenant Governor Herbert H. Lehman, and many other contemporaneous prominent figures in New York State and national public life. He managed the successful campaign of United States Senator Robert F. Wagner.

His active participation in public affairs did not interfere with the discharge of his duties as a Jew. He was a proud protagonist of his faith. In very early manhood he affiliated with the B'nai B'rith as a member of Chananiah Lodge No. 165, New York City, and passed from office to office until two years ago he reached the pinnacle in District No. 1. He was a faithful and efficient President. On his retirement from that office he became a member of the General Committee of the District and was serving as such at the time of his death. His devotion to duty was probably responsible for his untimely passing away.



Had he been willing to pause long enough in his work to have undergone an operation earlier, his life might have been saved. But he had work to do and he lost sight of his personal welfare.

Mr. Bloch is survived by his widow (nee Madeline Neuberger) and two children. His funeral took place from the Park Avenue Synagogue on Sunday afternoon, December 8. It was attended by an enormous assemblage. Rabbi Gabriel Schulman, assisted by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, officiated.

In the death of Maurice Bloch the B'nai B'rith has lost a valiant champion.

\* \* \*

**LOUIS FABRICANT** of New York City has been elected a member of the Executive Committee to represent District No.



*Louis Fabricant*

New York the last week-end in November.

Brother Fabricant for many years has been one of the most active and loyal workers in the District, giving liberally of his time and energy in causes benefiting the Order, although he is a very busy and respected attorney. He is Treasurer for the Wider Scope Committee in District No. 1, as well as Treasurer of the District, of which he is Past President.

\* \* \*

**A**N explanation of the ideals and the work of B'nai B'rith was given on Thanksgiving Day over radio station WCAE, Pittsburgh, by Nathan M. Katz, President of Pittsburgh Lodge No. 44. He also summed up

the highest principles of Americanism and declared that "to the achievement of these ends, the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith is dedicated."

\* \* \*

**M**EMBERS of Toronto Lodge No. 836 are proud of the record made by their Lodge recently. Last month David Russlander, President of District No. 1, made his first trip through the District, and presented Toronto Lodge with a championship trophy for winning the title of leader in degree work in the entire District. This is the first time this honor was won by a Canadian lodge. At the same meeting the individual members of the degree team received personal tokens from the President of the Lodge, Harry Rosenthal.

The past season has also seen the consummation of one of the Lodge's fondest hopes, the permanent establishment of a B'nai B'rith Camp for under-privileged boys. After a strenuous campaign the Lodge has turned over to the community free from all encumbrances a \$30,000 camp, admitted to be the finest in Canada, and meriting comparison with any on the Continent. At present the Lodge is one of the leading teams in the Federation drive for \$150,000.

\* \* \*

**O**NE of the most impressive prison services during the high holy days in October was held at the Eastern Pennsylvania State Penitentiary by the Prison Aid Committee of the Philadelphia B'nai B'rith Council. All of District No. 3 is superbly organized for prison welfare work, and not only were beautiful services held in many other prisons in that district, but the District Grand Lodge Committee in charge of that work has made a noble record in many other social service tasks.

\* \* \*

**H**UNDREDS of friends mourned the passing, last month, of one who for more than half a century was a loyal member of the Order—Charles Levy, of Wabash (Ind.) Lodge No. 292. Mr. Levy was one of the charter members of that lodge in 1878 and remained in good standing for the rest of his life, although his residence was in Marion, Ind., where he was one of the leading and best beloved citizens.



**B**NAI B'RITH LODGES all over the country continue to initiate Alfred M. Cohen Classes, and in all instances they are enthusiastic and successful groups. One of the finest occasions of this nature recently was the initiation of 70 candidates into Indianapolis Lodge No. 58 last month. President Cohen himself was present, and added significance to an affair that was in itself an honor to the Lodge.

More than 250 members of Indianapolis Lodge and their wives attended the banquet and initiation at the Columbia Club. Isidore Feibleman, Past President of District Grand Lodge No. 2, presided as Toastmaster in his inimitably witty way, Brother Louis J. Borinstein, also a Past President of the District, glowingly introduced President Cohen, who delivered the address of the evening, and a very fine degree team conducted the initiation itself. Brother Feibleman explained that by a happy coincidence there was one candidate initiated for every year of President Cohen's life. In speaking of the meaning and ideals and achievements of the Order, the President was of course dealing with the subject closest to his heart, and when he closed his remarks with an explanation that he wanted the newly initiated brethren to "get a taste of the Order, so that they will be eager to give themselves to its great work," no one doubted that this was already a "chose accompli," not only for the initiates, but for many of the men present who had been members of the Order for years.

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#### Other Alfred M. Cohen Classes

**T**ORONTO LODGE NO. 836 organized an effective membership campaign which resulted in the initiation of a large and worthy Alfred M. Cohen Class last month. . . . Special arrangements for an initiation par excellence of a large Alfred M. Cohen Class are being made by Ramah Lodge No. 33, Chicago. A complimentary banquet, entertainment, and smoker for all the candidates and their proposers will be held recently by Ramah Lodge. . . . Wichita Lodge No. 857 initiated one of the largest classes in its history, representing a 20 per cent gain in membership. . . . Richard Gutkadt, Secretary of District Grand Lodge No. 4, was the principal speaker at the initiation of a large Alfred M. Cohen Class into Samuel Lodge No. 668, Vancouver, B. C. . . . Oakland (Cal.) Lodge No. 252 held an

important private business meeting in connection with its initiation of an Alfred M. Cohen Class. . . . The initiation of an enthusiastic group of candidates was the highlight of the 1929 Convention of the B'nai B'rith Lodges in the State of Kansas under the auspices of Beth Horon Lodge at Kansas City last month. Rabbi Samuel S. Mayerberg, Past President of District No. 2, and Leonard H. Freiberg of Cincinnati, First Vice President of the District, spoke. . . . Not to be outdone by their seniors, Aleph Zadik Aleph, Milwaukee Chapter No. 39, held a joint celebration with the B'nai B'rith Lodge last month in honor of President Cohen and initiated 22 boys into the Junior Order.

\* \* \*

#### LADIES' AUXILIARIES

**B**AZAAR will be held by the Ladies' Auxiliary of Samuel Lodge, Vancouver, B. C., on December 18, for the benefit of the Community Center. Funds derived from a bazaar held in October by the ladies will be used to make the December affair one of the chief social events of the winter.

\* \* \*

**L**ADIES of the Columbia Auxiliary (San Francisco) were very active during October and November. The annual linen shower for the Duarte Sanitarium, the Succoth Festival, a luncheon and dramatic reading, a "Brothers' Nite" for members of the three San Francisco lodges, an elaborate initiation of new members, and a rummage sale to raise funds for philanthropic work, were some of the activities successfully carried on.

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**T**HE Ladies' Auxiliary at Portland, Ore., held a carnival bazaar November 24. Funds derived from the affair will be used by the Auxiliary to carry on its work at the B'nai B'rith summer camp, the community chest, and the Women's Convalescent Hospital.

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#### HILLEL FOUNDATIONS

**A** COURSE in the development of Hebrew ideas in the Old Testament is being given at the University this winter by Dr. Lee J. Levinger, Director of the Ohio State Hillel Foundation. . . . The Hillel Players met with their usual success when they presented three one-act plays which were written, acted, and directed by students of the Foundation. . . . The Hillel Loan Fund of \$500 has practically reached its quota in the campaign now ending. . . . The an-

nual bridge tournament is under way and has created great interest.

\* \* \*

**L**EWIS BROWNE and Louis Untermeyer are scheduled to address the Michigan Hillel Foundation this winter. . . . The annual Hillel smoker was a greater success than ever this year with Rabbi Joseph F. Kornfeld of Toledo as the principal speaker. . . . "Pigeon," by John Galsworthy, was given a noteworthy presentation by the dramatic group. . . . The Loan Fund Drive, lasting one week, was a success. . . . Rabbi Solomon Landman, Director of the Wisconsin Hillel Foundation, spoke on "Religion and the Scientific Spirit," on the same Sunday last month that Rabbi Adolph H. Fink, the Michigan Hillel Foundation Director, spoke at Madison, Wis.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Hillel Foundation at the University of California represented the Jewish students in a co-operative religious program between the Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic faiths last month. . . . Dr. Stanley Rypins spoke at the Open Forum on "Impressions of Soviet Russia." . . . The Hillel home was used for a dance on Thanksgiving night for those students who remained on the campus over the holiday. . . . Aime Palliere addressed the students of the Foundation late last month on "How I Found My Way to Judaism."

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#### ALEPH ZADIK ALEPH

**M**EMPHIS CHAPTER NO. 71 supplied two families with all the necessities for holiday feasts recently, and is a regular contributor to the Community Fund. . . . Its neighbor chapter, St. Paul Chapter No. 10, has issued a publication called "The Voice," which is self-supporting through advertisements obtained by the boys. The St. Paul B'nai B'rith Lodge helped support the A. Z. A. in staging the play, "We Americans," which was put on at one of the local theaters very successfully. . . . Syd Golden, of Morris A. Pauly Chapter No. 83, writes to this office in no uncertain terms that despite the limited membership, his chapter is out this year "to knock 'em cold." A play will be given to raise money for chapter activities; the basketball team looks good already; a debate team is already at work; and an orator chosen for coming tournaments. . . . McKeesport Chapter No. 94 held a card party last month, and now has decided to issue a regular bulletin. Members of the chapter conducted the entire Succoth services at Temple B'nai Israel.



# ACROSS THE SEAS



MUCH has been heard recently of the B'nai B'rith Co-operative Committee (Arbeitsgemeinschaft) in Europe, but now Brother Dr. Alfred Goldschmidt of Berlin has explained this unique and worthy organization in a letter to this office. It is an organization of non-American B'nai B'rith districts to bring aid to Jews who suffered and are still suffering from the War.

The Committee was organized by accident, one might say. The Presidents of six European districts chanced to meet during their simultaneous stay in Karlsbad during the summer of 1924, and at the instance of Brother President Popper, Prague, held a conference to talk over matters of common interest to their District lodges. The meeting was productive of many fruitful ideas, and it was resolved to establish a permanent institution. The constituent meeting took place at Prague in December, 1925, and Brother Popper was elected Chairman. It was at this convention that the various districts decided to establish emergency funds.

The December, 1926, meeting, held at Vienna, was largely devoted to organization problems, but the following year, in Berlin, the organization determined to have, as the essential feature of meetings to follow, reports relating to the situation of all the districts concerned, and especially reports on the position of the Jews in their respective countries. In practice, this idea revealed that the Jewries of the various districts were different from each other in many respects, with problems peculiar to themselves, but all bound together by one idea: to relieve Jewish suffering in whatever form, and preserve the highest ideals of Judaism.

The meeting held at Prague in December, 1928, was saddened by the death of the former President of the Order, Adolf Kraus. It was resolved that each district establish a lodge named for him, and that all candidates to be initiated into the Order during 1929 be called Kraus candidates.

Since several district presidents took part in the meeting of the Jewish Agency in Zurich in August, 1929, a gathering of the Arbeitsgemeinschaft was held there at the same time. This meeting, too, was overshadowed by the death of two illu-

trious brethren, Dr. Edmund Kohn, President of the Austrian District, and Dr. Boris D. Bogen, Secretary of the Order. At this meeting, the Committee, now firmly established, with a tradition of its own, reported that great progress had been made in the European districts since the last gathering. The German representative was able to draw attention to the cultural work of the lodges in small towns and congregations; the Czech representative, to the position of his country as a haven of refuge for thousands of Jewish students barred from universities in other lands because of the numerus clausus; the Orient representative, to the great but worth-while struggle carried on by the lodges in his district; the Austrian representative, to the reorganization of the Austrian district, together with the creation of a number of new charitable institutions there; the Polish representative, to the fight for Jewish culture in that land of many Jews; the Palestine representative, to the horticultural colony there, and the lodges' battle against missionary encroachments in the schools; and the British representative, to the work being carried on in England to combat the proposed calendar reform. Swiss and Dutch lodges were reported to be existing in a golden age of cultural and philanthropic achievements.

The Committee also arbitrates in any disputes between lodges or brethren of the different districts. All the meetings have shown a strong spirit of fraternalism and good-will and co-operation. \* \* \*

THE 70th birthday of President Alfred M. Cohen on October 19 was celebrated by every Lodge in the Czechoslovakian District. The October issue of the Magazine for Czechoslovakia used the occasion to feature prominently its congratulations to the distinguished celebrant.

Other interesting news has also come from Czechoslovakia this month. Through the influence of the B'nai B'rith Lodges in the country, the non-

Zionists of Czechoslovakia were finally induced to join the extended Jewish Agency. Dr. Josef Popper, President of the Czechoslovakian District, is a member of the Administration Committee of the Agency.

Past President Starkenstein, who now a member of the General Committee of the District, was recently highly honored by being named Professor in Ordinary of Pharmacology in the University of Prague.

The Organization of Jewish Women in Czechoslovakia, most of whom are members of B'nai B'rith auxiliaries, is planning a great exhibition on "The Jewish Books," "The Jewish Home," and "The Jewish Art" for 1930.

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A VOLUME of absorbing interest to all Jews, and especially to members of the B'nai B'rith, has just been published in Germany by the Grand Lodge of District No. 8. Maxilian Stein is the editor.

Some of the most interesting chapter headings give an idea of the contents of this fine book of 296 pages: Paul Heyse's memoirs, and the Berlin salons; Friedrich Nietzsche and Judaism; Zionism; Judaism and Christianity; Social Problems of Ancient Jewry; The War; The Jews and Commerce; Walther Rathenau; Justification for the Existence of the Independent Order B'nai B'rith; the reasons why the I. O. B. B. is a Union of Jews Only; "Secrecy" within the Order. Addresses delivered on important occasions, both fraternal and general, are also included in the book, which is in the German language.

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DISTRICT Grand Lodge No. 1 (Great Britain and Ireland) has announced an essay contest for members of the Order and for Jewish students. A prize of \$50 will be awarded the winner of an essay on "The Present Social and Economic Status of the Jewish Clergy," and a similar prize will go to the author of the best paper on "The Arabic-Jewish Renaissance and Modern Jewish Life."

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B'NAI B'RITH lodges of Vienna are steady supporters of the Society for the Tutelage of Needy Jewish Orphans in Vienna. Moral and financial aid to this organization are given by the Lodges constantly. During the past year the Society cared for 130 orphans.



# Our Readers Have Their Say

(Note: Letters from our readers are not necessarily printed in full. Our aim is to convey the substance of the thought expressed in the communications. Moreover, for the sake of clarity, we take the liberty of editing letters which we publish. We invite inquiries on matters of a public nature and will be glad to answer them whenever possible.—Editor.)

## The Halsmann Case

Will you excuse my writing to you under the impression of an incident that must trouble every Jewish mind in the world? I am talking of the trial and sentence of the student Philipp Halsmann of Riga that occurred in 1928 and 1929 at Innsbruck (Austria). I shall expose the bare facts to you.

In the summer of 1928 the dentist Halsmann of Riga, an ardent alpinist, was wandering through the Tyrolian Alps accompanied by his son, the student Philipp, when he fell down a slope and was found dead. It was never completely explained under exactly what circumstances this accident occurred. Philipp Halsmann, having remained with his father, could give no other explanation than that he had seen him fall.

Among the people who came to his assistance was the landlord of an inn, who was the first to raise against Philipp the charge of patricide. This charge was soon taken up by the Tyrolian authorities, the most anti-Semitic in Austria, and Halsmann was imprisoned. A year after his father's death he was tried and sentenced to 10 years in prison.

The sentence was draconic, the trial had a medieval, and everything likely to furnish favorable evidence for the defendant was suppressed over in silence or suppressed. The trial of the accused was proved only by the statements of experts saying that an accident seemed improbable. But the jury did not visit the place, and when, in the course of the second trial, it was visited, the way had been completely changed. So obvious were the defects of the proceedings that the court of appeal immediately granted a new trial.

This time things seemed to take a better turn for Halsmann; the accusation was weakened as there was almost no reason why Halsmann should have killed a father whom he loved tenderly and with whom he had always been on the most excellent terms. When the jury, composed entirely of Tyrolian peasants, seemed moved by the pleading of Philipp's mother and sister, by the testimony of his friends and of his old teacher. But at that time everything seemed to be favorable to Halsmann the process was interrupted and deferred for a month.

During this time the anti-Semitic powers, strong in Austria and especially in the Tyrol, worked for the destruction of Halsmann; members of the jury were influenced, at meetings called for the condemnation of the Jew, and he was threatened with lynching if he should escape judgment. Under such circumstances nobody wondered when Halsmann was again found guilty, not for the murder of his father, but for manslaughter. Halsmann was condemned to four years imprisonment. When one considers that Halsmann is an extremely nervous and sensible man, the condemnation for having killed his father seems even worse than death.

What makes the incident so terrible for us Jews is that Halsmann was not tried and condemned as a murderer, but as a Jew. It

was his race that in the eyes of the Innsbruck jury was the gravest charge against him. The case is not less terrible than was the famous Dreyfus affair, and not only every Jew but everybody loving justice and humanity seems affected.

It is the public opinion of the world and the power of the press that can save Halsmann and that is why I am sending you this recital of the case, imploring you to publish the most striking facts.

Fritz Biel.

5, Grande Rue, Alfort (Seine) France.

The Halsmann case is discussed editorially in this issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.—Ed.

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## Kibitzer

Sir:

Having read the October issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, and particularly noticing Mr. Samuel Tenenbaum's interesting article on "What is a Kibitzer?" I would like to offer another, and what I deem a more fundamental, version of the derivation of the word in question.

As I understand it, the word "kibitzer" is not a Yiddish word at all. While it is true that it has been used by Yiddish-speaking Jews, corresponding to "schmooser," "blabber," "joker," etc., the word kibitzer is pure Hebrew or Chaldean. Kibutz means collection, a throng, company. The yeshiva bochor who came to the Beth-Hamidrash to study with the rest of the bochorim was studying in kibutz, in company.

In those days of early Judaism, as is more or less practiced now, the student and the Talmudist, the bochor who studied in kibutz, was looked down upon by the merchant or business man as being ignorant in the ways of the latter's activities, though, as Mr. Tenenbaum suggests, these same people respected the scholar and Talmudist for what he knew in his field. Therefore, when a yeshiva bochor would express his opinion on the business man's games or any other doings, the latter would smirk with disrespect, "You are only a kibitzer," as though to say, "What do you, a mere student, know about games or business?"

The change in the expression of the word—from kibitzer to kibitzer—is reconciled by the fact that different pronunciation is given the same word in different districts. This fact can be corroborated for example by the difference in accents of the Polish and the Russian Jew. Thus the Hebrew word was passed on, being included in the Yiddish vocabulary because of its peculiar nature, adopting its present meaning, becoming assimilated with the American language and finally becoming a part of it, as Mr. Tenenbaum suggests.

Nathan S. Krems.

1516 East Jefferson St., Seattle, Wash.

The writer of the foregoing, Nathan S. Krems, a 13-year-old student at the University of Washington, is the sub-

ject of comment in "We See in the Papers," in this issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.—Ed.

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## Rosenwald Essay Contest

Sir:

In the October issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE I read a mention of a prize essay contest held at the instance of Mr. Julius Rosenwald. I have been unable to get complete information on this contest, and would be grateful if you could inform me of the details.

Abraham S. Penn.

20 S. Randall Ave., Madison, Wis.

Mr. Rosenwald has offered a prize of \$10,000 for the best essay on the subject "The Future of American Judaism," in a contest open to the general public. Another contest on the same subject with prizes amounting to \$1,500 is restricted to undergraduate students in colleges. The former contest calls for essays of from 15,000 to 100,000 words and the latter for 15,000 to 35,000 words. The essays must be in the hands of the Committee not later than December 31, 1930. Detailed information may be obtained from the Julius Rosenwald Prize Essays Committee, Federation Building, 71 W. 47th St., New York City.—Ed.

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## Jewish Farm Colonies in U. S.

Sir:

I wish to compliment you on your October issue, and especially the article by Edith Hillman, "On Being a Pioneer in Palestine for Two Weeks." I would be interested to know if there are such Jewish communistic colonies or contemplated ones in the United States?

Joseph Harris.

1641 Teutonia Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

There has never been an exclusively communistic farm colony in the United States. Radical groups of every shade have attempted to live together at Stelton, N. J., and a colony was also started at Raseau, near Tampa, Florida. They had their own schools for the children, ran community stores, etc., but there was no attempt at a strictly concentrated form of life where all the needs of the colonists were provided within the area of the colony. These groups have practically disbanded, as they proved failures.—Ed.





### Prestige

THREE little girls, one a rabbi's daughter, one a Jewish doctor's daughter, and the third the daughter of a Jewish merchant, were boasting of their respective family connections. They had passed from clothes to personal appearances and finally came to parental dignity.

"Every package that comes for my papa is marked D. D.," proudly announced the rabbi's daughter.

"And every package that comes for my papa is marked M. D.," quickly answered the physician's child.

"Aw, that's nothing," retorted the merchant's little girl, "every package my father receives is marked C. O. D."

### Peculiar

ISAACS arrived home one night, tired from a fast drive in an attempt to escape an approaching storm.

"The lightning was the most peculiar I ever encountered," he told his family. "It came with clock-like regularity and was not accompanied by thunder. What a country! In Roumania it was never like that!"

Then his up-to-date American children realized that he had been trying to outdrive a storm in the wake of a revolving beacon for night flying.

### Bargain

ABE: "How much are eggs today?"  
Grocer: "Good eggs are 45 cents and cracked ones are 40."

Abe: "Well, crack me up a dozen."

### Reason

A POOR woman in a small Russian town came one day to the rabbi's house seeking advice. Her husband had left her and she wanted to know if he would ever return. The *shamus* took her question in writing into the Rabbi and returned with an affirmative answer. But as the woman, smiling happily, was leaving, the *shamus* said:

"The Rabbi says yes, your husband will return, but I, madam, I say no, he will not."

"Why do you say that?" asked the woman, dismayed.

"Because," answered the *shamus*, "the Rabbi has not seen you—I have."

START the new year right. And the way to do that is to smile. In fact, laugh out loud. It will do you good. It will clear away the cobwebs of gloom from your mind. Things you worry about seldom happen. Cheer up! Smile! And when you are struck with something that makes you smile, or grin, or laugh out loud, or just chuckle, something containing the essence of that good old Jewish wit and humor that is celebrated the world over, send it in for this page. Authors of jokes used receive new books from us as prizes. Winners this month: Toby Brenner, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. H. Kaufman, Corsicana, Tex.; Jennie Resnick, Hannibal, Mo.; Dr. C. I. Finkelstein, Montreal, Can.; Dr. Thomas Myers, St. Paul, Minn.; George Bofman, Chicago; Louis Tuller, San Francisco.

### Size

SAMUEL BLUM, the hat maker, agreed to do the marketing for the household while his wife was absent on a trip to the South. The first morning after her departure he visited the grocer.

"I want a head of cabbage," demanded Mr. Blum.

"Large or small head?" asked the grocer.

"Oh, about 7 1/2," absent-mindedly answered the hat maker.

### Prescription

W HAT seems to be the trouble?" Dr. Jacobs asked his patient, Toby.

"I am very nervous and can't sleep nights," was Toby's reply.

"Well," said the doctor, "cut out all your pinochle games, smoke only two cigars a day from now on, and come back to see me Friday."

"But, doctor, I—"

"Now, never mind arguing," answered Dr. Jacobs, pushing his patient out the door, "I'm a very busy man. See you Friday."

On Friday Toby turned up, looking very sick.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor. "Feeling bad?"

"Oh, terrible," groaned Toby, "it was those two cigars a day; you see, I never smoked before in my life."

### Advice

HAVING pestered Anton Rubinstein, the great pianist, with many letters requesting him to listen to her play, a young lady finally was admitted to the presence of the genius for a hearing.

"What do you think I should do now?" she asked, almost breathless, when she had finished.

"Get married," Rubinstein answered. \* \* \*

### Art

AFTER Morris Kohn made a fortune on the market his wife had their name changed to Mortimer Coyne and became a devotee of art. One day an acquaintance met her on the street, and in the conversation asked her if she was fond of art.

"Fond of art!" cried Mrs. Coyne, "why, I should say so! If ever I'm in a city where there's an artery I never fail to find it."

### King

MENDEL was a good-natured Talmudist, but often quarreled with his wife. After one of their petty rifts, Mendel laid down the law in this fashion:

"I am the legal head of this house. I am the husband and the father of this family. In my house, according to the Talmud, I am like a King, do you understand, Sarah, in my house I am like a King!"

"Yes, my Mendel," answered Sarah soothingly, "of course in our house you are like a King—let us say like the King of England; you have the title, but not the power."

### Happiness

OLD man Solomon was rich but stingy. His youthful nephew was his sole relative and was generally looked upon as his future heir. When the nephew announced he was going to be married, a friend of old man Solomon remarked:

"Mr. Solomon, now that your nephew is going to be married, you ought to do something to make him happy."

"I intend to," replied sarcastic old Solomon. "I'll pretend I'm dangerously ill."